McKean County Miner.

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AGED MAN IS KILLED BY STRAY BULLET

Barney McCauley Received Fatal Wound at Norwich Monday

DIED AT HOSPITAL ON TUESDAY

It Is Thought the Shot Was Fired From a .22-Calibre Revolver in the Hands of a 12-Year-Old Boy—Shot Entered Abdomen and Punctured Intestines—Hurried to Dr. McGranor's Hospital at Port Allegany Where He Died Tuesday Morning—Shooting Purely an Accident.

Barney McCauley, a woodsman, aged 68 years, met with a fatal accident in a peculiar manner last Monday afternoon in the big woods at Norwich.

He was walking along the railroad tracks east of the big store of Hull & Company when he heard the faint crack of a gun and at the same time felt a stinging sensation on the left side of his abdomen, when he realized that he had been shot. He made no outcry but hurried as fast as possible toward the front of the store, a distance of about 200 feet from where he was when he received the wound. Just as he was approaching the platform in front of the store he became exhausted and collapsed. Several men who saw him fall hurried to his assistance and as they picked him up he had just strength enough left to tell them that he had been shot, but did not know who did it, before he became unconscious.

He was carried into a nearby building and as soon as possible he was placed in his automobile and hurried to the [illegible] Port Allegany. At the hospital Dr. McGranor probed for the bullet without success and then dressed his wounds as best he could, the weakened condition of the aged man forbidding any strenuous measures. He lingered along until about 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning when he died from internal hemorrhages.

District Attorney Guy F. B. Mayo, County Detective E. W. Jones of Smethport and Coroner E. R. Sherman of Bradford were notified and the county detective and coroner went to Port Allegany in the afternoon. A coroner's jury composed of C. O. Layman, foreman, J. Lester Wood, J. M. Butler, P. J. Rogan, J. A. Sampson and F. S. Lewis, was empaneled and viewed the remains. Dr. McGranor performed the autopsy and found that the deceased had met his death as above stated. He found the bullet in the body which was a .22-calibre. This little leaden missle had punctured the man's intestines 19 times. The coroner's jury after hearing the evidence at hand rendered a verdict that Bernard McCauley came to his death from a gunshot wound inflicted by a person unknown to the jury.

The body was taken in charge by Undertaker Wallace and prepared for burial.

Mr. McCauley was the youngest son of a large family all of whom are dead and as he never had married he had not a relative in the world. He had followed the occupation of a lumberman for many years and had many friends among his acquaintances.

Tuesday evening District Attorney Mayo and Detective Jones drove up to Norwich and made an investigation of the McCauley case. They found that several boys in that vicinity owned .22-calibre rifles and revolvers and that they were in the habit of shooting more or less in that vicinity. From information they received they became reasonably well satisfied that the shot which accidentally killed Mr. McCauley was fired from a revolver by a twelve-year-old boy. However, this boy and some of his relatives deny that he was shooting in that vicinity at that time.

It matters little whether this boy or some other fired the shot so far as the law is concerned, because the killing of Mr. McCauley was undoubtedly purely an accident and it is not at all probable that anyone will be placed under arrest on this charge.

However, this should be a terrible warning to boys and their parents who are in the habit of shooting promiscously either in the woods or in thickly settled neighborhoods. This is the first fatality of this kind we have had in this immediate vicinity in many years, but it is more due to good luck than good judgment that others have not occurred. Nearly every week we read of an accident of this kind in other places. No child under 16 years of age should be allowed to handle a gun when not in the company of older people.

DELEVAN EMERY IS DEAD.

Died at His Home in Bradford Tuesday Afternoon After a Long Illness.

Delevan Emery, one of the foremost citizens and business men of Bradford died at his home on Congress street Tuesday afternoon after an illness of over a year's duration. The cause of his death was Bright's disease. The following sketch of his life is taken from the Bradford Star-Record:

Delevan Emery, son of Hon. and Mrs. Lewis Emery, Jr., was born in Pioneer, Venango county, Pa., September 29, 1867. Five years later with his parents, he went to Titusville and remained there until the discovery of oil in the Bradford field, when the Emery family came to this place. Delevan attended the Bradford schools and in 1881 was a student of the Cheshire Military academy. After leaving that school he entered a preparatory school in Lehegh, Pa., and then became a student of Lehelgh college. In 1891 he was graduated from that institution with a chemist's degree. Following his graduation he at once became connected with the Bradford refinery of the Emery Manufacturing company. As he grew older much of the management of the extensive Emery interests, was placed in his hands and at the time of his last illness, he was acting in his father's place, while the latter made a tour of South America.

Deceased was a man who was generally admired for his many excellent traits of character. He was liberal and broadminded and in spite of his many business cares, was always willing to pay attention to the needs of the distressed. In business circles he was recognized as a young man with a promising future. He possessed business acumen to a marked degree and was known as one of the successful men of the community.

Mr. Emery, at all times, had the interests of Bradford and its surrounding community at heart. He watched public affairs closely and exhibited deep interest in the public institutions of the city. Efforts had been repeatedly made to induce him to enter politics, but the only public office he would ever consent to fill was that of councilman. He represented the Second ward in the select branch of councils at the time of his death. In the city's lawmaking body and in politics, he was recognized as the exponent of the "square deal" and his influence in that direction was strongly felt. He was a man whose loss will be keenly felt by the entire community.

Mr. Emery was a member of the board of directors of the Bradford hospital and several years ago, he endowed a room in that institution. He was connected prominently with the Emery Manufacturing company, the Delevan Oil company and other of the Emery interests. He was a member of the Bradford lodge of Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks and Heptasophs. He also belonged to the Bradford club, Country club, Lakewood club and the Revel's Island club of Wachaprague, Virginia.

In 1894, deceased was united in marriage to Miss Pauline Chapman, of Bradford, who died in 1902. Three years later Mr. Emery was married to Miss Edna Walker, of Rew City, who, with her infant daughter, Elizabeth, survives. He also leaves the bereaved parents, one sister, Miss Grace Emery, and two brothers, Earl and Lewis Emery, all of Bradford.

The funeral will take place on Thursday. Services will be conducted at the residence at 2:30 p. m., by the Rev. Robert Alexander Tufft, rector of the Church of the Ascension. The remains will be laid at rest in the Emery mausoleum in Oak Hill.

ATTENTION FIREMEN!

An adjourned regular meeting of the Smethport Fire Department will be held Thursday evening, August 17, 1911, at eight o'clock. Every member please be present.

By order of
THE PRESIDENT.

Subscribe for The Miner.

SMETHPORT 9, NORWICH 5.

That Was the Result of the Ball Game Here Last Friday.

The Smethport baseball team defeated the Norwich team last Friday afternoon at Kane field by a score of 9 to 5. For a time the visitors had the best of it, but the home team managed to work in four runs in the lucky seventh and two more in the eighth inning and cinched the game. Both teams hit the ball hard when they hit at all, the visitors having ten hits to the home team's seven, but a three-bagger and a home run by J. Cooper and home runs by Glavin and Harris evened matters up in that line. Butler was robbed of a home run by the ball hitting a large tree and bounding back toward the diamond.

Smethport now has a good team of young players together and with some good, steady practice will make an excellent team. It has been several years since Smethport has made any pretense of supporting a baseball team, and now if the business men and lovers of the sport would lend a helping hand we might have a pretty good team. Let someone start the ball rolling.

The tabulated score follows:

Norwich	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Armstrong, 3d	5	1	3	2	1	1
Coleman, 2b	4	0	1	1	1	1
Cooney, p	4	0	0	1	2	2
McGowan, c	4	0	0	9	2	0
Winslow, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Guncheon, s	3	0	0	1	1	1
Kelly, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Butler, lf	3	2	2	0	0	0
Bryce, 1b	3	2	3	8	0	0
Total	34	5	10	24	7	5

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Glavin, s	3	2	1	2	2	1
W. Cooper, 3b	3	0	0	1	0	0
Harris, 1b	4	1	1	9	0	0
J. Cooper, c	4	1	2	7	3	0
B. Denning, cf	4	2	1	2	0	0
Morrison, 2b	4	0	0	2	1	1
McClure, lf	4	0	1	3	1	0
F. Denning, rf	3	1	0	0	0	1
Natello, p	3	1	1	0	4	0
Buttsgamer, rf	0	0	0	1	0	0
Total	31	9	7	27	11	3

Norwich	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	1	5
Smethport	1	1	1	0	0	0	4	2	—9

Earned Runs—Smethport 2.

Three-base Hit—J. Cooper.

Base on Balls—off Cooney 3; off Natello, 2.

Wild Pitches—Natello, 1.

Two-base hits—Butler, Bryce.

Home Runs—Harris, Glavin, J. Cooper.

Struck out—by Cooney, 9; by Natello, 8.

Double plays—McClure to Glavin to J. Cooper, to Morrison to Glavin. McGowan to Bryce to Guncheon.

Passed Balls—McGowan, 1; J. Cooper, 1.

Hit by pitcher—Coleman, F. Denning.

THE GALLUP REUNION.

It Was Held at Frog Camp Tuesday Afternoon and Evening.

The eighth annual reunion of the Gallup family was held in their pavilion at Frog Camp Tuesday, August 15, 1911. Although the clouds were threatening and the storms severe until one o'clock, one hundred or more of the family assembled for the gala day. Delicious clam chowder followed by a splendid chicken dinner satisfied the inner man. Later in the afternoon Chadwick's orchestra struck up the lively tune and all enjoyed an old time dance. By six o'clock the dark clouds disappeared and the evening was clear and fine. Supper was served and dancing continued.

"All's well that ends well," and the committee, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Gallup, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Amsler, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Gallup, deserve much credit for the successful day.

"Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail
Or sigh with joy at some mournful tale."

LOST—Baby's gold locket and chain the early part of last week, probably on Bank street. Finder will be rewarded by returning to E. W. Strong.

Subscribe for The Miner.

IDA IDDINGS DIES FROM BROKEN ARM

Blood Poisoning Set in and Caused Her Death

INJURED FRIDAY and DIED MONDAY

She Was the Nine-Year-Old Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brad Iddings Who Live About a Mile West of Town—Fractured Bone Penetrates Flesh—Funeral Services Held at St. Luke's Church Yesterday Afternoon.

Ida, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brad Iddings died at the home of her parents, who reside on the Ormsby road about one mile west of this place, at an early hour Monday morning, Aug. 14, 1911. The cause of her death was blood poisoning which infected a wound in her left arm caused by a broken bone protruding through the flesh.

Ida was swinging in an old-fashioned swing last Friday afternoon when she fell out, receiving a compound fracture of the left arm, midway between the wrist and elbow and some of the splintered bone protruded through the flesh. Dr. Ostrander was called and, with the assistance of Mrs. Ostrander, reduced the fracture and made the little sufferer as comfortable as possible, using every caution known to medical science to prevent infection, but when he called the next day gangrene had set in and despite his best efforts she steadily grew worse until death relieved her suffering between two and three o'clock Monday morning.

Ida, who was 9 years, 11 months and 14 days old, was a frail, but bright and cheerful little girl, who will not only be greatly missed by her parents and brothers and sisters, but by a large circle of schoolmates and friends.

The funeral services were held at St. Luke's church, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and her remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

TERRIFIC STORM.

Wind and Rain Swept This Section Tuesday Noon—Great Damage Done.

One of the worst wind storms ever known in this section swept over this locality shortly before noon on Tuesday, doing much damage to trees, dwelling houses and other property.

Shortly before 12 o'clock, noon, darkness fell suddenly from a comparatively clear sky and a small cyclone hit here, accompanied by a downpour of rain. Many fine shade and fruit trees about town were blown down; part of the roof and a chimney were blown from L. D. Gifford's house on Mill street, chimneys were taken from the county jail and the Hotel Imperial, several lumber piles in the lumber yard of Holmes & Gilfillan on Mechanic street were scattered about, the telephone poles along Mechanic street were bent nearly to the ground, a large tree falling took the cornice off Byron Badger's house on East street, and the damage done to gardens in town and crops in the surrounding country is well-nigh incalculable.

The front of the office of the Crosby Gas company at Crosby was blown in, and Detective Jones and District Attorney G. F. B. Mayo, while going to Norwich in the former's car, were compelled to turn back at Crosby on account of the storm.

Throughout the county reports are that trees and rigs were blown down and many crops ruined.

WILLIAMS GROVE PICNIC.

Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Grangers' Picnic, Williams Grove, Pa., August 28 to September 2, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Williams Grove from stations in Pennsylvania and from Baltimore, Elmira, Frederick and Intermediate stations on the Northern Central Railway, August 22 to September 1, inclusive, good for return passage to reach original starting point not later than September 5, at reduced rates. Aug.17-2t

A School of Merit.

Westbrook Academy has no use for "solicitors." It is a school of merit. It

DEDICATION OF BOULDER.

Hon. R. B. Stone of Bradford, Speaker—Appropriate Exercises Held.

Last Friday afternoon the boulder which was last fall placed on the school house lawn by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in commemoration of the march through this county of Col. Brodhead and six hundred men against the Seneca and Muncy Indians in 1779, was dedicated with appropriate and fitting exercises.

The exercises were held in the court house and a large number of people listened to the able addresses. Hon. Joseph W. Bouton presided, and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke of the Episcopal church. After the prayer "Hail to Our Country" was sung by a male quartette composed of Dr. H. L. McCoy, Prof. Stanley Bright, Allen Morrison and William Brownell. Judge Bouton made a very able address, after which he introduced the speaker of the day, Hon. R. B. Stone of Bradford. Mr. Stone delivered one of the finest addresses ever heard in this town, beginning with the early history of the colonists and Indians and following their struggles for supremacy in New York and Pennsylvania, down to the Revolution. He then carefully and fully dealt with the plans of Washington and General Sullivan for carrying war into the Indians' own strongholds to cripple their power. Of course the great item of interest on this day was that part of the expedition of General Sullivan's army which under immediate command of Col. Brodhead left Pittsburgh on August 11, 1779, and ascended the Allegheny river to a point near Olean, burning Indian villages and particularly destroying the plentiful fields of corn and grain on their route. The return trail of these six hundred men is supposed to have been through Marshburg and vicinity and was known to many old settlers in the county as such.

After the quartette sang "America," the audience adjourned to the school house lawn, where the boulder is situated, and Mrs. T. A. Morrison, regent, in a few well chosen words, expressed the desires of the members of the D. A. R. to inspire patriotism in the minds of the children, and presented the boulder to the school district. D. C. Young, president of the board of school directors, accepted the boulder in behalf of the school district, and Rev. W. E. Van Dyke offered prayer, after which the doxology was sung.

The boulder, which is a sandstone one, weighing about ten tons, was quarried near Smethport, and rests on a concrete foundation. It has a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription: "In Memory of Col. Daniel Brodhead and the Six Hundred Men Who Passed Through This County on their Perilous Expedition Against the Seneca and Muncy Indians in 1779. Placed by McKean Chapter N. S. D. A. R., 1910."

The members of the local D. A. R. deserve a great amount of credit for this work, which commemorates one of the greatest events in the Indian warfare of this State.

WORK FOR 10,000 GLASS MEN.

Manufacturers and Workers' Association Reach an Agreement.

As the result of an agreement reached Tuesday between representatives of the Flint and Lime Glass Manufacturers' Association and the Green Bottle Blowers Association at the meeting in Atlantic City, 10,000 glass workers will return to work early in September.

The agreement between the men and the manufacturers came after all hope of settlement had about been abandoned. Peace was reached by the manufacturers, headed by Geo. F. Yost of Bellaire, O., agreeing to a continuance of this year's wage scale and factory working rules. The workers conceded a shortening of the summer shut down from two to one month as a concession to the widening influence of the automatic machines which are revolutionizing the trade.—Kane Republican.

Wanted.

To rent in Smethport, Sept. 1st, small house or rooms. Family of four. Address F. A. WORSTED.
1t Edinboro, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

THE FAIR AND RACES.

A Few Notes Regarding This Event of Interest to Our Readers.

Preparations are being made for the Seventh Annual McKean County Fair and Races to be held September 12 to 15 inclusive. Following are a few notes of interest:

Racing Program.

Tuesday

Farmers' Race	
Motor Cycle Race	

Wednesday

2:17 Trot	$300
Run, half mile heats	100
Run, half mile heats	150

Thursday

2:15 Pace	$300
2:24 Trot	300
Run, ⅝ mile heats	175

Friday

2:21 Pace	$300
Consolation Race, Run ½ mile	100
Running Race, ½ mile heats	150

The Educational Department.

The School Department of the McKean County Fair has always had a great number of exhibits and a great deal of interest has been given it. Still one feature of this department has never brought the entries that it ought to bring out. This feature is the essays.

Below we give subjects for essays and premiums offered: For High School students: Best essay of 500 words on "The value of Literary Societies in connection with the High School work;" 1st prize $2.50; second, $1.00. For a Grammar School student: Best essay on "How I spent my vacation;" 1st, $1.00; 2nd, 50c. For Intermediate: Best map of the county, 9x12 inches; 1st, $1.00; 2nd, 50c. Here are several premiums offered to the county at large and still year after year the Association has to keep this money as no one makes an effort to earn these premiums. The subjects and premiums are as follows: Country, for the teacher: "Best plan book for the Country Schools;" 1st premium, $2.00; 2nd, $1.00. Best essay on "The chief needs of the Country Schools;" 1st, $2.00; 2nd, $1.00. Every pupil and teacher are urged to read Supt. Lilldridge's letter to them which will be found on page 11a of the new catalogue.

For the farmer or his wife: Best essay on "The Grange as a factor in the Agricultural development of the community;" 1st premium, $2.50; 2nd, $1.25. For the school director: Best essay on "School consolidation in the rural districts;" 1st, $2.00; 2nd, $1.00. For anyone in the county: Best plan of school buildings and grounds for the country schools; 1st, $2.00; 2nd, $1.00.

The Mule-Foot Hog.

Since the announcement that the mule-foot hog would be on exhibition at the fair grounds this year there has been many inquiries as to what they are and where they came from. The best way we can describe them is they are just what the name implies. They are no fake, but a valuable hog for the farmer, and two or more of them will be on exhibition at the fair. They are owned by two McKean county gentlemen.

AUTO ACCIDENT.

Occurred Near Ridgway—Several Persons Badly Hurt.

Ridgway, Pa., Aug. 16.—Five persons were injured in an automobile accident at about 9 o'clock this evening while going to Brandy Camp, six miles from this city, to attend a church fair.

A large and powerful automobile driven by Edward Newton of Pardus, had turned to one side of the highway to allow a team to pass. At the same time a tire on one of the forward wheels exploded causing the machine to strike the rig and run into a field where it turned turtle. The injured:

Miss Margaret McGovern, hip dislocated and otherwise cut and bruised. She is at the Ridgway hospital.

Miss Edna Lyal, collar bone fractured. Bruised and lacerated.

Mrs. Edwin Lamb, several ribs broken; bruised about the body.

Herbert Lamb, collar bone fractured, cut and bruised.

Edward Newton, driver of the machine, painfully bruised.

Robert Newton, a five-year-old son of Edward Newton, was in the machine but escaped injury.

All of the injured with the exception of Miss McGovern, are at the hotel at Brandy Camp, where they received surgical attention.

HER CAREER

She Would Not Willingly Acknowledge Defeat

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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The stranger stood upon the station platform and looked down a vista of blossoming apple trees toward the village. He was apparently a prosperous man of the world, but with the breath of these spring blossoms a subtle change passed over his tired face, softening its careworn lines.

"Carry your satchel, sir?" A barefoot lad approached him eagerly.

"Why, yes," the stranger answered, "you may. Now can you lead me to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Page? They live in the same old place, I suppose?"

"Sure," the lad responded. He shifted the valise to his other hand. "Say," he asked, "do you know Miss Nell?"

"I knew her long ago," the man slowly replied.

"Before she was an artist?"

The stranger smiled. "Yes," he answered musingly.

"Miss Nell's just about the nicest person in the world," said the boy.

An odd smile played about the man's lips. "I agree with you," he said. "A recent trip around the world has confirmed me in that opinion. She is the nicest person."

"That's Page's house," the boy announced, and his eyes widened as he glanced at the silver piece which the stranger pressed into his grimy palm.

"Look here," he suggested. "I'd trot that satchel back up the hill when you are ready to go."

A host of memories were awakened as the man raised the knocker and waited in the vine wreathed porch. The door was opened presently by a little old lady, who peered unbelievingly into his face. Then her voice rose quaveringly.

"David," she said— "David is literally yours." A tall, white haired old man appeared at her joyous cry, and together, laughing and talking, they drew him into the house.

How many years have you been gone, David—ten or twelve? And my, how you have got on! We read every one of those articles of yours in the city papers describing them foreign folks and places in such an interesting way. And do the papers really pay, your expenses all over the world just so you can write for 'em?

It's like Nell, the old lady interposed. "She can sell pictures just as fast as she can paint them. Course Nell isn't rich yet, but she sends us money every week, and she has had this house fixed over for us, all comfortable for us. David, you can't see it, but it's the finest in the first studding place in the city—just a little hard, but Nell has taste, you know."

"You were wrong, Lucy, when you thought she had no talent," the old man said slowly. "Nell never quite forgave you for discouraging her in that way, and she determined she'd show you."

David Phillips sighed. "I was a lot headed young fool," he said. "It was reprehensible to me at the time that Nell should choose an uncertain career in preference to the love and devotion of a lifetime. However, I tried to atone for my hasty words. I sought her out in the city as you know, haunting the art classes and begging her upon every occasion to alter that cruel decision until it left us she did appeared annoyed no doubt by my persistency, and I have never seen her since. When you refused to tell him me as to her whereabouts I concluded that it was because Nell had forbidden you to answer my letters. Then when opportunity offered I went abroad. Returning to New York I could not resist stopping over for an hour or two to see you both and perhaps—to hear news of Nell."

She is well," the matter said fatherly. "When you last wrote of her David Nell went to New York. She is still there. We have her house address, but I may not give it to you. Her heart was in this artistic career, David, and sometimes I think she knew that you alone had power to make her give it up."

We are high proud of Nell," the old man added. "Would you like to see the last picture she sent us just to show what her last great painting was like?"

He led the way to the cheerless closed parlor, and David stood before a panel picture which hung upon the wall. His face brightened at the first sketch of an apple tree laden with spring blossoms, their white petals daintily tinged with pink. Nell had always loved these blooms. Then followed a second sketch of the same tree. Now numberless rosy cheeked apples showed among its green leaves. At the last picture David turned suddenly to the old man.

She is not happy," he said with conviction. It was the tree in winter, standing bare and desolate, its naked branches pointing to a leaden sky, and beneath the picture was one written word—Regret.

As he finished, he looked upon his host's face with a startled gloom, fixed to space. "She is not happy," he repeated. "Much work had accumulated during his absence, and as he entered an office building several days after his arrival he recollected an important business letter which must have a prompt reply and immediately sought the office of a public stenographer. Miss Margaret Owen was the name inscribed in gilt above the doorway, and as David entered a stout old man passed out. The stenographer's sanctum was separated from the outer room by heavy curtains, which parted presently to admit the gray clad figure of a dainty little woman. A great bunch of apple blossoms were fastened at her belt. David saw the blossoms before he met the steady light of her clear blue eyes.

"Nell!" he cried sharply. She drew back hastily.

"David," she breathed.

"It is good to see you, Nell," he said, stammering in his joy like a schoolboy. "Never expected to find you here. I—I am looking for a public stenographer."

The little gray figure retreated toward the curtains, then Miss Nell laughed tremulously. "I too wished to engage Miss Owen's services," she said, "but have learned that she will not be here this afternoon."

The man stood looking at her for a moment, then with a quick stride he crossed the room.

"Nell," he entreated, "grant me a few moments alone. Is your office or studio in this building?"

"Yes," she answered, and her tone was quite composed. "I am located here, David, but when we have congratulated each other upon our phenomenal success"—she smiled up at him—"then it will be wiser to shake hands simply and say goodby. You have been successful, David?"

"I suppose so, Nell," he said. "At least I have made some money. That spells success, does it not?" David caught his breath sharply and hurried on. "My life has been like that famous picture of yours, Nell. There have been blossoms along the way, of course, but the blossoms never lasted long, while the fruit of my labors—that's the money—is garnered away somewhere. I don't seem to enjoy it. So now there is nothing but the bare tree with its naked branches. 'Bereft'—isn't that what you call it?"

The girl drew further back against the curtains. Her face had grown very white.

"I must speak, Nell," David said tensely. "I have waited too long to miss this chance. Fame is not a satisfying thing, dear, and now that I bow humbly before you acknowledging your skill and your triumphs, won't you come and fill this empty life of mine with happiness? I do not ask the sacrifice of your beautiful dreams, dear one. I crave but the privilege to care for you, to be near you. Will you come?"

"No," she answered gently, "no, David, for I must always dream my dreams alone."

David turned abruptly to go. As he reached the door it was thrust open to admit the same stout old gentleman who waved a fat hand in greeting to Nell, the door huddled against the curtains.

"Miss Owen," he cried, glad to find you here. Will you now finish that letter dictated this morning?"

The old man's query was met with silence, while Nell's sweet face changed from white to crimson in the most alarming manner. David hesitated a moment uncertainly, then his puzzled expression gave way to one of sudden enlightenment.

"Beg pardon, sir," he asked the bewildered old man, "but is this lady generally known as Miss Owen the public stenographer?"

Certainly," the man responded, "she is Miss Owen."

David's laugh rang out boyishly. "In that case," he said, "I will have to keep you waiting, while I dictate a letter—business matter with Miss Owen. I will not detain you long," he added in a low tone as the stenographer timidly followed him into her private sanctum.

Then when the curtains had been carefully adjusted he caught the little gray figure up in a masterful embrace, while the crushed blossoms gave forth a dying fragrance.

So," he said breathlessly, "this is what you have been doing all along, working away here night and day in order to send them money at home, burying your aspirations under a cloak of deceit that they might not be disappointed in your career and living under an assumed name so that they may never learn of your sacrifice. Girl, girl, how could you do it?"

All your prophecies came true, David," she said. "I was a complete failure as far as art was concerned, even when I tried to pass off my paintings as impressionist pictures they would not have them. Her little smile of mockery vanished. "I could not bear to disillusionize them at home," she continued. "The faith of these two old people was a thing that one could not lightly destroy, and so I drifted on until the weaving of the wonderful tales I wrote became my chief delight, and the game of 'make believe' a substitute for the reality."

I have been too yielding and patient with you always, Nell. Hence forth you shall be managed—dictated to. We will go back to the old farm and tell them all that you have found love to be a far greater power than art, and then—then we shall be married. Shall we, Nell? Do you understand?"

"If you please," came an impatient voice from the depths of the curtain, "have you finished with that letter, Miss Owen?"

And Miss Nell, our little stout gentleman had quite forgotten her, rose, a radiant face. "Yes," she answered demurely, "I believe I have."

TAP DAY AT YALE.

What It Means to the Juniors Who Have Made Good"

The three great senior societies of Yale—Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key and Wolf's Head—choose on tap day fifteen members each from the junior class. The fifteen members of the outgoing senior class making the choice. Each senior is allotted his man of the juniors and must find him in the crowd at the tree and tap him on the shoulder and give him the order to go to his room. Followed by his sponsor he obeys and what happens at the room no one but the men of the society knows. With shining face the lad comes back later and is slapped on the shoulder and told: "Good work, old man," cordially and while heartily by every friend and acquaintance—by lads who have made every honor possible by lads who have made nothing just as heartily for that is the spirit of Yale.

Only juniors room in Durfee hall. On tap day an outsider is lucky who has a friend there for a window is a proscenium box for the play—the play which is a tragedy to all but forty five of the three hundred and odd juniors. The windows of every story of the graystone facade are crowded with a deeply interested audience. Grizzled heads of old graduates mix with flower hats of women. Everyone is watching every detail, every arrival. In front of the hall are drive and room for perhaps a dozen carriages next the fence—the famous fence of Yale—which rails the campus round. Just inside it at the north stands a tree. People stand up in the carriages when and they can. The tree is loaded with people often standing too to see that tree.

All over the campus surge freshmen—students of the other classes—who last year stood in the coming out gathering at the tree and left it sore hearted not having been taken. sophomores who will stand there next year who dreadfully are hoping for and dreading their tap day with the freshmen each one sure that he at least will be of the elect and again the iron gray heads, the buttoned faces of old Yale men and the gay spring hats like bouquets of flowers.

It is perhaps the most critical single day of the four years' course at the university. It shows to the world whether or not by after the years of college life has in the case of the student developed good. It is really the first test, the touchstone, test for a life of twenty years—Mary Isabel Andrew in Scribner's Magazine.

They Were All "Pills"

One of the fashionable west side churches recently witnessed a funny incident at a choir rehearsal. The choir were practicing for the following Sunday morning, a beautiful selection the first words of which were, "I am a pilgrim." It so happened that the music divided the word pilgrim and made it pass after the syllable "pil." The first soprano, a recent importation, sang in the key. I am a pill and the first tenor, who was a pill, when it came to that point, was with a low growl of disgust. "I'll be—if I'm a pill!" The leader, a pill, stopped the choir and told the first tenor that he was a pill, and the first soprano that she was a pill, and then he told them all to get up—Musical World.

Clever Dwarfs

Richard Gibson and his wife, who flourished in the seventeenth century, were remarkable for dwarfs quite apart from their size, which combined barely made up seven feet. Both were clever painters of miniatures, and Gibson was drawing master to the daughters of Charles II. At their wedding, which was arranged by Henrietta Maria, Charles I. gave the bride away, the queen placing a valuable diamond ring on her finger, and Edmund Waller the court poet wrote a poem in honor of the occasion. Gibson was seventy four when he passed away, while his widow died at the advanced age of eighty nine years.

Madagascar's Two Climates

The island of Madagascar has two distinct climates, two classes of natives and two classes of fauna and flora. The island is about the size of France. Along the coast it is tropical and malarious, and the natives are darker than in the interior. The interior is still cold and mountainous. Here the climate is cooler and the natives lighter in color than on the coast. But in the interior they are more intelligent and they rule the island.

Obliging

Excited Author (rushing behind the scenes)—What are you cutting out? The second and third acts of my play.

Manager—I am not cutting anything out. I am merely varying the order of the acts. Several influential persons in the audience have asked me if it would not be possible to have the hero die in the next act.—Chicago Tribune.

Philosophy

Learn to be pleased with everything—with wealth so far as it makes us of benefit to others, with poverty for not having much to care for and with obscurity, for being unenvied.—Plutarch.

Her Own Introduction

"When did you first make me acquainted with yourself?"

The dramatic critic replied with her afternoon manner. "I don't remember that I ever did."

There's a time in the life that can be reckoned.—Shakespeare.

TESTING AN OCTOPUS.

The Power of This Repulsive Creature Much Overrated

There have been made abroad experiments with an octopus in a specially devised tank of sea water in order to test the truth of the many stories told of monster cephalopods dragging human victims to the sea bottom, says Harper's Weekly.

In the tank with the octopus there was placed a dummy of the same specific gravity as a man and this was baited with a crab. Attracted by this tempting morsel the octopus made for the figure, seized it in its powerful arms and tried to drag it under water without success. It then urged its body toward the edge of the tank and holding the glass with some of its arms it dragged its prey beneath the surface and crushed the crab shell with its powerful jaws.

It is believed that these experiments afford proof that the octopus can only drag its victims far below the water near rocks to which it can attach its suckers. There is one spot in the bay of Naples where these creatures attain a large size and now and then a fisherman is reported missing. It is thought that such disappearances are due to the unfortunate man being caught by the leg by a coiled octopus and dragged under water. In the case of such a repulsive and powerful creature as the octopus it is difficult to separate fact from fiction.

A VACATION IN BED.

Twenty four Hours Sleep Versus a Weeks Holiday

If you want to lie in complete rest and recuperation in minimum time sleep the clock around twice. Is the advice of a physician who holds a high place in medical circles in England.

To spend twenty four hours in bed he said to a friend, instead of rushing away for a few hours change of scene when you are run down physically and mentally is worth a week's holiday. The night before having gone to a theater to take the mind off worries and having supped wisely and well instructions should be given that the morning calling shall be omitted.

Then sleep. On waking, turn over and sleep again. On waking again, ring for some hot milk. Drink it and sleep again. Ask permission. Have nothing in the future as more substantial than soup. Do not eat. Keep the eyes shut constantly. Have a warm bath in the evening and sleep again.

When you are tired of sleeping sleep again for the night. Nothing calms the nerves more than resting the eyes."—New York Herald.

Remember the Baker.

At the court of assizes in Venice when sentence of death is about to be passed a man clothed in a long black robe enters the court and advancing to the bench bows profoundly to the judges, saying: Remember the baker. Then he bows again and retires. Here is the explanation of the custom. Three centuries ago a baker was executed at Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully proved the judges who condemned him invested a sum of money the interest of which serves to keep a lamp perpetually lighted in the palace of the doges, this being called the lamp of expiation. In addition their successors on the bench when they are about to inflict the extreme penalty of the law are reminded by the presence of a messenger in black robe of the fate of the baker.

The Box Tortoise

Though the tortoise is slow of foot it is quick to make the best of all its available modes of defense. The box tortoise possesses a singular defensive apparatus. The plastron or shell covering the under part of the body is so formed that its front segment can be drawn upward to protect the animal's head, the head meanwhile being drawn back under the carapace or shell on the back of the tortoise. The upper and under shells then meet in front, forming a kind of box in which the creature is unassailable. When the danger is passed the reptile relaxes a muscle and the raised part of the plastron falls allowing the head and fore feet to come forth. This movable plate is fastened to the plastron by a strong hinge of elastic ligament.

Circumstances After Cases

When Israel Zangwill was an obscure South teaching in a Jewish school in London he sent a short poem to a leading American monthly. It came back by an early post. He kept it, and after he had achieved fame as a writer he sent the same poem to the same magazine. This time it received a cable from the editor offering to buy the world rights for a large sum. The poem was the same word for word.

Different

"Why a year ago you told me this place was easily worth $15,000. Now you estimate its value at less than $10,000."

"You must remember that I was trying to sell it to you then. Now you want me to sell it for you."—Chicago Record Herald.

Adam Was Grouchy

The Serpent—What's Adam so grouchy about today? The Ape—Oh, he says that the arrival of women means that all his plans for universal peace have been knocked in the head for good and all.

Whatever [illegible] the deepest courage and calmness of soul of course must unveil most perfectly its hidden strength.—George W. Briggs.

A GRANITE BOMB.

Jack Frost Hurled It Down Into the Yosemite Valley

Delicate frost tracings on the window panes seem to be the work of fanciful and harmless sportiveness, but the hand that forms them is capable of greater deeds and of other kinds. Mr. J. Smeaton Chase in "Yosemite Trails" describes an experience that must have been wonderfully impressive to the spectator. He had been spending some weeks in exploring the Yosemite valley and the "great rocks," like El Capitan, that wall it in.

Standing one day of late autumn about the middle of the valley I was startled by a report like a cannon shot, which filled the whole valley with echoes that roared and boomed replied and multiplied in a long continued, glorious tumult.

As the deafening sound died away in sullen mutterings under the visor of El Capitan I was able to distinguish the point of attack by the long clattering descent of a vast quantity of rock.

The night had been a cold one in the valley and on the seven to eight thousand foot levels of the upper rim the temperature must have dropped almost to zero.

Frost working quietly with his Archimedean lever had just succeeded in shifting from the shoulder of the sentinel a trifle of fifty tons or so of granite. Near a thousand feet the boulder fell sheer, swift and silent, then striking the cliff it burst like a bomb, shattered into a myriad flying shards and splinters, and discharged a shower of fragments that trickled down to the valley in a stream that lasted for minutes.

Then from the spot where the bowlder had struck dust began to rise into the sunny air, slowly building up and burgeoning like a summer cloud, and every white as snow. It was the flour of granite powdered instantaneously by the terrific shock.

GOWNS AND OMENS.

Odd Superstitions That Darken the Dressmaker's Shop

Women who wear fine dresses are as superstitious as the girls from the mines," said a dressmaker. "If the little accidents that happen in the workroom were not carefully concealed from the owners of rich gowns they would be sick with apprehension half the time. I had one customer who refused to accept a very expensive dress because a girl who was fitted with the fitting dropped a pair of scissors which fell point down and stuck in the floor. That meant a death for mourning, with six months. The customer hoped that by using the dressmaker's scissors with the wicked business end of steel with his own hideousness he would be able to hire. I believe there are other ways than here at home in the fourth dimension precisely as there are other shapes as gracious as these are revolting. Only ordinarily we do not see them. There are, though those who can and do, and without being drunkards either.

"There's a lot as Jerome said Balfour got it further. They will if you let them tell you that it never occurs in the privacy of a room, as photographed by it. A mere exhibition of the small [illegible] that [illegible] to see [illegible] keep [illegible] of the [illegible] other [illegible] the [illegible] of the world."

In the [illegible] the [illegible] by this [illegible] is just [illegible] which is not to [illegible] the other [illegible] the [illegible] gallery of the world.

In the [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] are [illegible] subject [illegible] the dresses, scenery and accessories—a task obviously requiring much imagination and much knowledge—and often as much as 150 persons are upon the stage at the same time. Even the orchestra leaders qualify only for ballet music, having no place in the orchestra at any other time.—London World.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

To Catch a Glimpse of It Just Get Delirium Tremens

The majority of us are like brutes. We believe but in the results of things. Science more humble acknowledges the fourth dimension and with it the constant paradox of the curve of things. It exists ordinarily unseen. The phantasm of delirium tremens forms a case in point. The shapes which the human believes he sees really [illegible] are really such and [illegible] rendered visible through the existence of the fourth dimension, which now [illegible] the full mentors in one of what [illegible] psychician Alcott terms this land. The drunkard in his [illegible] with the hideousness of [illegible] which his own [illegible] has [illegible] to him. [illegible] they are [illegible] other than here at home in the fourth dimension precisely as there are other shapes as gracious as these are revolting. Only ordinarily we do not see them. There are, though those who can and do, and without being drunkards either.

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BALLET DANCERS.

Long Training and a Ceaseless Grind of Hard Work Are Theirs

The modern imperial ballet schools of St. Petersburg and Moscow, under government control, [illegible] with the theaters and dramatic schools a department of the ministry of the court. Pupils both male and female are entered at the early age of [illegible] years—sooner if older. After the necessary nomination has been obtained by no means an easy matter nowadays—a stringent examination rejecting all but strongly built subjects of form and natural gracefulness has to be passed before the child is finally accepted. From the time it becomes an inmate the whole of its education, secular and artistic, is taken in hand and some years of training are necessary before it is considered ripe to appear in public.

The dancer's life is a ceaseless round of hard work. All even great artists when at home take regular daily lessons in addition to the daily rehearsals for the next performance which are demanded however old and well known the artist. Thus an average of five to six hours dancing per day is rather the rule than the exception, popular ballerinas in demand at charity performances and artistic at homes often dancing as much as eight hours in the twenty four.

Trained artists are kept to desired in every detail of period and subject, the dresses, scenery and accessories—a task obviously requiring much imagination and much knowledge—and often as much as 150 persons are upon the stage at the same time. Even the orchestra leaders qualify only for ballet music, having no place in the orchestra at any other time.—London World.

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Opened His Eyes to the Future

Dick, I'm [illegible] tobacco. I don't [illegible] simply loathe it. Will you stop when we are married?

Isn't that asking a lot, dearie? asked Dick.

I wouldn't care for myself, answered the girl, but you know it makes mamma deathly sick.

Well then, he promised cheerfully, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll never smoke when your mamma is with us."

She threw her arms around him. "Darling," she murmured, "that's so good of you." I was afraid you'd insist on smoking once in awhile after we were married.—New York Globe.

The Iron Cross

The Iron Cross, an order of knighthood, was established by Frederick William III. of Prussia in March, 1813. The order was founded in order to honor patriotic deeds in the war against France. It was revived by Emperor William I. during the Franco Prussian war and was rededicated by him to his son for his great victory at Wissembourg on Aug. 4, 1870. Later on the order was bestowed most generously, some 100,000 persons being decorated between 1870 and 1872.

Expert Advice

The person [illegible] found the two cellmates deeply engrossed. One pored over the market reports of a newspaper and figured on the margin with a pencil. His cellmate sat expectant.

Bill," said the mathematician at last, "you could make $34 a night stealin' hogs in Iowa.—Success Magazine.

Kept Him Guessing

"The course of true love never does run smooth."

Well, it's a good thing. When a young man finds himself running too smooth he [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] wife.—City Journal.

A Poor Recommendation

He [illegible] said.

Sir, I [illegible] I know now exactly what sort of a fool he is."—Detroit Free Press.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street. Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 17, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark of Coleville on Sunday, Aug. 13, 1911, a boy.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Sampson of Ormsby, on Sunday, Aug. 13, 1911, a boy.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Edwards of Keating township, on Friday, Aug. 11, 1911, a boy.

—Whatever your boy may need for school you'll find advertised by Monheimer in this paper

—Mrs. Mary Co[illegible] well known aged about [illegible] ill at the County [illegible]

—Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] and family have moved into the Kerns house on Bank [illegible]

—Monday afternoon oil was put on Mechanic street, from Main to Bank, to alleviate the dust nuisance on that street.

—James Foote has accepted a position as principal of the Crooker school in Bradford township. His school will open on Tuesday, September 5.

—John Ennis of Clermont cut his knee quite badly one day last week while chopping with an ax. Dr. W. A. Ostrander dressed the wound and he is getting along nicely.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning the subject will be "Bearing One Another's Burdens." The evening subject will be "The Wrath of Man or Pennsylvania's Disgrace."

—On Monday Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lindsley moved their household effects into their new home on Union street, and as soon as the necessary repairs can be made they will take up their residence there.

—It is conservatively estimated that an army of 75,000 men will be needed to harvest the wheat crop of western Canada, and now that the harvest will soon begin in earnest, the farmers are wondering where all the men are coming from.

—The Charles Thompson farm of 93 acres, located on the Hinsdale road, five miles from Olean was sold on Monday through the Herrick Agency to Carl and Albertine Lundquist of Olean. The trade included stock, tools and crops, with immediate possession.

—The Odd Fellows reunion held at Lindersport on Thursday of last week was a great success. The attendance was large and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The aeroplane flights made by Lincoln Beachey in a Curtiss machine were as fine exhibitions of air navigation as were ever given in this section.

—The only royal road to true happiness is the simple life free from vices, which insures good digestion and peaceful sleep. Work that you are interested in, and plenty of it. All the mad whirl and gayety of a spendthrift life are but a mockery of real happiness and contentment of mind. None are so absolutely wretched as the over-rich.—Notes and Observations in Kane Republican.

—The Smethport schools will open on Monday, August 28.

—The Comey family reunion is being held at Frog Camp today.

—Mrs. George Gerritt entertained a few friends at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Main street Tuesday afternoon.

—John Stuart Thompson, a former Bradford young man, has written a book, "The Chinese," which is published by Lotus, Merrill & Co., which is one of the most highly praised works in contemporaneous literature. The highest possible praise is poured out upon Mr. Thompson's work by Cook's Tours Book, which recommends it as the leading book on China and by the reviewers of the La Nouvelle Revue, France's leading literary journal; The Montreal Gazette, the Philadelphia Item, The Chicago Journal, The Philadelphia Press, New York Times, Pittsburgh Dispatch, Illustrated London News, Hong Kong, China, Mail, London Times, Edinburgh Scotsman, and other journals. The author began business life as an office boy in the office of Col. John J. Carter, president of the narrow gauge railroad (Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua and Bradford, Eldred & Cuba) at Bradford. He lived on Pleasant street and went to church at the First Presbyterian, Rev. Edwin Bryan then being pastor. When Colonel Carter learned that the author, who has since traveled over the whole world and far into China, was "one of his old boys," he at once sent for the book and the author prizes his friendly letter of the good old days at Bradford.—Star-Record.

The Recurrent Maximum.

No summer ever came man's way
That did not somehow raise
A most astonishing array
Of hottest ever days.
—Washington Star.

Feared Water.

Willis—Are those Kentucky horses you bought scared of autos?

Gillis—No, indeed. They never notice a train, either, but I can't get them used to a sprinkling cart to save my life!—Puck.

Disappearing.

The dodo bird has passed away.
The roc no longer cleaves the air,
And where's the lamb that used to play
With Wall street's crafty bull and bear?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Wedding Day Bargain.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't?

The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.—Variety Life.

Still Unanswered.

We are advised to live and learn.
But why, alas, oh, why
Do people seldom learn to live
Till just before they die?
—Chicago News.

Strong Language.

Judge—Did the man whose auto was in collision give it a cursory examination?

Witness—It sounded that way, sir.—Pathfinder.

Spring Freshets.

Mary stood upon the curb.
And sobs stuck in her throat.
She'd left behind her rubbers,
And she didn't have a boat.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

What's the Matter With Thomas?

There are some names which seem peculiarly suited to royalty; Louis, for instance, has a kingly sound. Francis, George, Henry in both spellings, Charles, William, Edward and James all have served their turn. Johns there have been, and Stephens. I remember a Robert in Sicily and a Peter in Russia and Servia. Frederick has often worn the crown, and royal honors are even now paid to Ferdinand in Bulgaria. But was there ever, anywhere, a king named Thomas? Oscars and even Haakons ascend the dais, but ever through all the centuries Thomas remains the subject, sometimes struggling up to a bishopric or an earldom, but never attaining the crown. Nicholases wear the imperial purple; Godfreys lord it over Jerusalem; Alexis struts in ermine; Alexanders fare forth to conquest; Julius and Leo don the triple crown, but Thomas, poor plebeian Thomas, has never a crown to his name. Now tell me, you who are wise in the occult influence of names, what is the matter with Tom?—London Idler.

Washington as a Humorist.

While president Washington's humor seemed to find expression in the diplomacy of self protection. A French revolutionist came to him for a general testimonial, which Washington did not care to grant, yet he did not wish to give offense to the French by a curt refusal, so he wrote an evasive card worthy of Lincoln—"C. Volney needs no recommendation from G. Washington."

After Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown Washington treated him with high consideration. At a dinner given in honor of the distinguished prisoner Rochambeau proposed "The United States" as his toast; Washington responded with "The King of France;" Cornwallis, perforce, faintly suggested "His majesty," when Washington startled them all by announcing, "The king of England—may he stay there!" with a ready wit that made even Cornwallis laugh.—Century.

Cards and Card Playing.

In a paper in the Journal of the Royal Society of Arts Professor H. Cheney, discussing the part played by gambling in cards, observes: "The use of cards is said to be derived from the Tarot cards, which were originally employed for occult purposes. The legend which ascribes the invention of cards to the purpose of amusing a mad king does not seem at all a sufficient explanation, and there is in addition the fact that cards of a kind existed before the said king. In further support of this idea the well known practice of telling fortunes by cards may probably be regarded as a survival of a regular form of divination by such means. It seems, in fact, that card playing for stakes is a mere development of a ceremony in which individuals consulting the oracle decided to abide by its pronouncements as to the holding of disputed property.

Meteors and the Atmosphere.

One of the most useful results arising from the study of sporadic meteors is the light thrown upon the question of the height of the atmosphere, since it is the friction of the air that sets them on fire, and if their elevation is known at the moment of their first appearance the probable height of the atmosphere can be calculated. On Aug. 11, 1909, a brilliant meteor happened to impress its picture simultaneously on three photographic plates, at Tashkend, Iskander and Tschimgan, in Russian Turkestan. The distances between these places furnished base lines from which the height could be deduced. The calculation shows that the meteor first appeared at a height of 60.45 miles above the earth and disappeared at fifty miles.

The Orange in Spain.

It is considered a very healthful thing to eat an orange before breakfast. But who can eat an orange well? One must go to Spain to see that done. The senorita cuts off the rind with her silver knife, then, putting her fork into the peeled fruit, she detaches every morsel with her pearly teeth and continues to eat the orange without losing a drop of the juice and lays down the core with the fork still in it.

Unpalatable.

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon was fond of a joke, and his keen wit was, moreover, based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was backbone and the rest was grit."—Youth's Companion.

Going the Rounds.

Husband of Tomorrow (reviewing wedding presents)—That awful cruet seems familiar. Wife of Tomorrow—Yes, dear, you saw it at the Browns. They got it as a wedding present and gave it to the Smiths at theirs. It's the Smiths' present. But never mind, dear; Harry's wedding comes off soon! —London Opinion.

Adroit.

"He is what you might call an adroit man."

"Decidedly. His sins never find him out and his debts never find him in."—Exchange.

Chilly Affair.

Stella—Did you give the bride a shower? Bella—Well, all her friends threw cold water on the bridegroom.—New York Sun.

A strenuous soul hates cheap successes.—Emerson.

Wee Is His.

First.—My wife is my boss. I shall not deny.

Second.—She maketh me to lie down behind the bed when swell company comes, and she leadeth me behind her up Main street.

Third.—She restoreth my pocketbook after she has spent all of its contents for stylish skirts and theater tickets, and she leadeth me up the main aisle at church for her new hat's sake.

Fourth.—Yea, though I walk more than half the night through dark rooms with a crying baby I will get no rest, for she is behind me; her broomstick and her hatpin they do everything else but comfort me.

Fifth.—She prepareth a cold snack for me, then maketh a bee line for an old society supper. She anointeth my head with the rolling pin occasionally. My arms runneth over with the bundles before she is half done with her shopping.

Sixth.—Surely her dressmaker's and milliner's bills shall follow me all the days of her life, and I will dwell in the house of my wife forever.—Ulrich (Mo.) Herald.

Signaling at Sea.

The custom of signaling at sea by means of various colored flags is very ancient, and the method seems to have been brought to a degree of development bordering very closely on perfection. Many people have been astonished at the length of messages conveyed in a few moments and with the use of but half a dozen flags in various combinations, and when the extent of the language and the complexity of many necessary messages are considered the eighteen flags in the signal flag locker seem very inadequate. However, it must be remembered that the signal code utilizes a sort of shorthand, and many long messages, known to be of frequent occurrence, have been contracted to a single showing of flags in a given combination. The number of flags hoisted when a signal is made never exceeds four. With the eighteen flags of various colors, using four for each signal, no fewer than 78,642 combinations can be made.

An English Ghost.

A Westmoreland ghost used to haunt the shores of Windermere, where the Lowthers from time immemorial have been lords of the lake—the "ceiler of Claife." One tempestuous night in prereformation times a cry was heard across the water by the ferryman at the Nab Inn—"A boat!" The ferryman, against all his cronies' persuasions at the inn, set out. After many hours he reached the Nab again, his boat dragged down by some unseen weight and himself with fair on end, a raving lunatic. Soon he died, and every stormy night his wraith was heard in agonized shrieks across from Claife till at last the resident monk of Furness was sought in his retreat on Lady Holm and persuaded to "lay" the unhappy spirit, which he duly did. Harriet Martineau and others tell the tale.—London Chronicle.

The Weaker Sex.

The young woman had spent a busy day.

She had browbeaten fourteen sales people, bullyragged a floorwalker, argued victoriously with a milliner, laid down the law to a modiste, nipped in the bud a taxi chauffeur's attempt to overcharge her, made a street car conductor stop the car in the middle of a block for her, discharged her maid and engaged another and otherwise refused to allow herself to be imposed upon.

Yet she did not smile that evening when a young man begged:

"Let me be your protector through life!"—Life.

New Angle on Help.

"Why did you inquire so particularly into the wardrobe of that girl you just hired?" asked one of two women who were leaving an employment agency.

"To find out how carefully she will guard against burglars," said the other. "My experience has been that a girl who has nice things of her own will look up more securely at night and keep a sharper eye out for sneak thieves in the daytime than one who has nothing of value to lose."—New York Press.

She Was Right.

"How effusively sweet that Mrs. Blondey is to you, Jonesey," said Witherell. "What's up? Any tender little romance there?"

"No, indeed. Why, that woman hates me," said Jonesey.

"She doesn't show it," said Witherell.

"No, but she knows that I know how old she is. We were both born on the same day," said Jonesey, "and she's afraid I'll tell somebody."—Harper's Weekly.

The First Lighthouse.

The first lighthouse was erected at Pharos, near Alexandria, in Egypt. It was finished in 285 B. C. Its height was 500 feet, and the light, which was kept burning on top at night, was visible forty-one miles away. This tower existed for some 1,600 years, when it was destroyed by an earthquake.

The Idea.

"Can a married man acquire happiness?"

"Sure! You don't think that bachelors are the only ones that die, do you?"—Toledo Blade.

Generally.

"Pa," said Freddy, "what is a social scale?"

"Generally speaking," replied pa, "it's a place where they weigh money."

There is an oblique way of reproof which takes off from the sharpness of it.—Steele.

Women and Banking.

The cashier of a bank which has many women depositors, in speaking of these customers, said that the stock stories about overdrawn accounts and ignorance as to bank methods had become pointless. Whatever may have been the case before, women give banks no more trouble now than men. "The woman who insists on drawing money when her balance has been exhausted because there are still blank checks in her book has disappeared, and in her place we have a woman who wants interest on her money and who knows what 'call money' means," said the cashier. Referring to the 'old kind,' he added: "One day we did have a real case. A woman rushed in, said she had just figured up her account and found she was $500 short. Husband away—no other money—what could she do? She had brought jewels to leave as collateral security till he returned, and then we looked up the matter and found she had over $500 to her credit."—New York Tribune.

A Dance Without a Smile.

They have a singular kind of dance conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each sex by itself and silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune. A youth pulls off his cap and challenges his girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing she waves her handkerchief in token of assent. The youth advances, takes a corner of the handkerchief in his hand and leads his lassie round and round. No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids, the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure, and the prize of merit in this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by spectators to the lassie who in all that summer revelry has never spoken and never smiled.

Wanted More Converts.

Southey in his life of Wesley relates the following whimsical incident. He states that some of the opponents of these religionists in the excess of zeal against enthusiasm took up a whole wagon load of Methodists and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done there was an awkward silence. At last one of the accusers said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people, and, besides, they pray from morning till night."

The magistrate asked if they had done nothing else.

"Yes, sir," an old man said. "An't please your worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb."

"Carry them back; carry them back," the magistrate said, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town!"

Icebergs and Echoes.

Icebergs are always a source of worry to the transatlantic steamship skippers. It isn't pleasant to run along through a fog or a inky night and smash into one of these floating mountains of ice. The liner captains have a way of finding ice that at first strikes the landsman as curious. When it is suspected there are bergs in the neighborhood the whistle is kept going. If there is an echo the navigator slows down and keeps a sharp eye out, for echoes don't grow in the open ocean.

Disraeli's Gorgeous Costume.

When Disraeli was a young man he once went on a vacation trip to Corfu in this extraordinary costume: "A blood red shirt with silver buttons as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers; red cap, red slippers, broad blue striped jacket and trousers. His servant, engaged for the occasion, wore a Mameluke dress of crimson and gold, with a white turban thirty yards long and a saber glittering like a rainbow."—London Spectator.

The Difficulty.

The First Worker—Manner born be blowed! D'joo mean ter say if me an you come into a bit o' splosh we couldn't keep our ends up with these 'ere dooks and people?

His Doubting Friend—Oh, we should be orl right, but our missuses 'd give the game away, yer know.—London Sketch.

The Landlubber.

They were enlightening the landlubber as to maritime matters. He was becoming more and more crestfallen as their explanations progressed.

"Why, I always thought," he sadly sighed, "that the port side of a ship was the one nearest port!"—Boston Herald.

Maddening.

"They really fear she will become insane. You see, she found a diary he kept before he married her."

"Oh, I see! And the awful revelations"—

"Revelations? No. It was all in cipher, and she couldn't read a word of it."—London Tit-Bits.

An Affront.

D'Auber—Your daughter paints in the Dutch school, does she not? Mrs. Newrich—Not much she don't! We pay $50 a quarter to give her private lessons at home. Dutch school indeed!—Philadelphia Record.

Posting Mother.

"Did that young man kiss you last night?"

"Mother, do you suppose he came all the way up here just to hear me sing?"

The Oil Bird.

One of the animal curiosities of South America is the "oil bird," or guacharo. It breeds in rocky caves, and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It lays its eggs in a nest made of mud, and the young birds are prodigiously fat. The natives melt the fat down in clay pots and produce from it a kind of butter. The caves inhabited by the birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of them is sometimes an exciting sport.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Standard-Dayton cars for [illegible] counties. If you are thinking of buying an automobile, consult me. Different styles; any [illegible]. Prices [illegible]. [illegible] buyers.

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.
Agent
ST. MARYS, [illegible] PENNA.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern, subscribe today or send for five sample copy.

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We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. HACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Treasurer.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. W. RUBIN.

Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

C. C. MELVIN, 2d.

Bradford, Pa., June 30, 1911.

Sheriff.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce the undersigned as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

R. P. YERDON.

Kane, Pa., August 1, 1911.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

ANDREW MANGAN.

Kane, Pa., Aug. 12, 1911.

County Commissioner.

Custer City, Bradford Township, July 5, 1911:—Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 30.

L. M. SIGGINS.

Editor McKean Miner: Kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters, at the primaries to be held Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

A. R. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., July 5th, 1911.

District Attorney.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of District attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on Sept. 30 next.

THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., July 1, 1911.

Coroner.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

E. R. SHERMAN.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate for Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

A. N. HEARD.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Recorder of Deeds.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries Sept. 30th, 1911.

HOMER M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., July 24th, 1911.

Prothonotary.

Editor of the Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the will of the Republican voters, as expressed in the primaries to be held on the 30th day of September, 1911.

B. E. STARSKY.

Smethport, Pa., July 22, 1911.

Register of Wills and Clerk of Orphans' Court.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, Sept. 30, next.

JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Pa., August 1, 1911.

Clerk of Courts.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Clerk of Courts for McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican party at their primaries, Sept. 30, 1911.

FRANK R. FOSTER.

Smethport, Pa., Aug. 9, 1911.

County Auditor.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. D. OTTO.

Keating Township, August 7, 1911.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 17, 1911.

It is said that Madeline Force is prostrated on account of the public criticism made upon her coming marriage to Colonel Astor.

President Taft sent his veto of the Statehood bill to the Senate on Tuesday. His reason for the veto is the provision for the recall of the judiciary and his message is a strong and comprehensive argument against this form of law.

One of the worst strikes that has ever been known in England is on in Liverpool among the employes of the various traction companies. Thousands are on strike and rioting grows worse every day. One hundred thousand railroad men threaten to go out to-day, thus tying up traffic all over England. A food famine is also threatened in the larger cities on account of the strike.

Zack Walker, a tough negro, who killed Policeman Rice at Coatsville last Saturday night, was captured on Sunday after wounding himself and taken to the hospital. That night an angry mob headed by friends of the popular officer who had been killed, broke into the hospital, took Walker out strapped to a cot and carried him to the outskirts of the city where he was placed upon and under piles of rubbish and burned to death amid his attempts to escape and cries for mercy. Governor Tener has ordered a thorough investigation and one man, the supposed leader of the mob, has been arrested. It is said that many other arrests will follow before the end of the week.

Andrew Mangan of Kane announces this week that he is a candidate for Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next. Mr. Mangan is a glassworker by trade and has been a respected resident of Kane for upwards of twenty years. He is a bright, keen, capable appearing man who has every qualification for filling the office to which he aspires with credit to himself and the taxpayers of this county. Mr. Mangan has been making a tour through the county for some time past and he finds many friends who assure him of their hearty support and predict his nomination and election. "Andy," as he is familiarly called by those who know him well, is a man who makes friends rapidly with his genial, pleasant manner and that he will make a good showing is unquestioned.

The Port Allegany Reporter in its leading editorial last week attempts to explain away The Miner's attitude toward the candidacy of A. M. Marsh by making the claim that our opposition to him is due entirely to selfish motives. To the person who is familiar with the facts Mr. Laymon's statements, which follow, are so ridiculous that they are amusing:

"The editor of The Minier published at Smethport is out to establish a point as a fact that without he gets about all the county printing, county commissioners endeavoring to distribute it in a fair manner, can't be re-elected. During the past ten years The Miner, it is asserted by those who know, has had more of the county printing than all the other papers in the county combined, when there isn't a single reason why The Miner should have a cent more of it than any other newspaper in the county. There are many reasons why it shouldn't have as much as some of the newspapers. It represents only the fourth town in the county as regards population. It is much safer to say that the board of commissioners that again attempt such distribution of the public printing will not be re-elected to office. It is unfair to the newspapers, and most unrighteous to the taxpayers that their money be bundled into a lump into The Miner office or any other newspaper. Taxes are collected on a basis of equity and it is expected and understood that they will be distributed in the same fair way. During the term of the present Board, the Reporter has had the Mercantile Appraisement once. That is all it has had, all it was entitled to, of that class of public printing, all it asked for, demanded, and received. From the Board of Auditors, it had the Report once: that was what it was entitled to, and it received it under the law. Nor does the writer understand that it was given it for any other reason than it was a representative newspaper of a large community of taxpayers who were recognized in the matter rather than the newspaper itself. But there is another class of printing which goes almost wholly but very unrighteously to The Miner, the stationery and legal blanks of the several departments of the court house, and amounts to hundreds of dollars each year. There isn't a single reason why this should be turned over to The Miner year after year at its own price, and the custom must not, shall not be continued, no matter who is elected, and if either Marsh or Anderson or Siggins have made promises that encourage that situation, they should be defeated. From the fact that The Miner is bitter against Marsh it is fair to infer that he hasn't promised that The Miner should live off the taxpayers for the next ten years and knowing Albert R. Anderson as well as the writer does it is a cinch that he hasn't made a promise of that character. Siggins makes a noise as though he might see the canker in The Miner's attitude. The Reporter files notice now that by every reason that can be taken into consideration it is entitled to a share of the commercial printing that is distributed from the court house, and that it shall expect it."

However, for the benefit of those who may be laboring under the impression that The Miner is supported in a great measure by the printing from the county, we will give a few facts. During the eleven and one-half years that we have conducted The Miner we have received for all kinds of printing and publishing, which includes everything given to us by the county commissioners and other county officers, which directly or indirectly comes out of the pockets of the taxpayers, just $5,655.30, which is an average of $491.76½ per year. And further let it be known that the yearly average of this printing amounts to between $4,000 and $5,000 and as there have been in the past twelve years an average twelve newspapers in McKean county, two of which have made no pretenses whatever of doing any job printing it will readily be seen that The Miner has not been getting so much more than its share as the Reporter infers. Regarding prices we will merely state that a great deal of it is fixed by law and the balance either by competitive bidding or the same as we charge any private individual or business place.

We know that Mr. Marsh has been doing some talking about the large amount of printing The Miner has been getting from the county and from the tone of Mr. Laymon's article we judge that to be his source of information, but if the Reporter editor knew Mr. Marsh's reputation for truth and veracity as well as he should he would have looked a little farther for facts before making such ridiculous statements.

The present editor of The Miner has never asked any of the candidates for any of the offices to be filled this fall for any share of the printing they may have the power to distribute and none of these candidates have made any promises to The Miner. The only approach to anything of the sort was made by Mr. Marsh when we took him to task for breaking a promise he made to us some time after he was elected three years ago. He started to tell us what he would do in the future, but we stopped him by telling him that he had lied to us as well as to many others and that we would not believe him under oath. That, Mr. Laymon, is the reason Mr. Marsh has not made The Miner any promises.

Further regarding the distribution of the county printing we will state that the most profitable piece of printing that is handed out by any of the county officers is the mercantile appraisement and not once in the twelve years, since we became publisher of The Miner has it been given to this office, although Mr. Marsh admitted the justice of our claim for it and promised on his honor that The Miner should have it. There is more clear profit in one publication of the mercantile appraisement than there is in $1000 worth of legal blanks and stationery as The Miner charges for it.

In conclusion we wish to say that, while we despise above all human things a liar, such as Mr. Marsh has proven himself to be not only to us but to many others, there are many other reasons why we are opposed to him for one of our county commissioners and these are his lack of stability, good common sense and executive ability necessary to properly fill this important office.

MAN KILLED BY AUTOMOBILE.

John Hoffman of St. Marys Steps in Front of Car to His Death.

Last Friday night about 9 o'clock as James Brahaney of Johnsonburg, was driving his five-passenger automobile with a party of friends toward the Elk county home about one mile from St. Marys, Pa., he had the misfortune to strike a man and kill him instantly, although he had his machine under control and was not running fast when the unfortunate accident occurred.

The man killed was John Hoffman, a Bohemian, aged 49 years, and was employed at the Elk county home, and in company with another man was walking from St. Marys to the Home, and when they were overtaken by the car they were both traveling the middle of the road, but when Mr. Brahaney sounded his horn they stepped to one side of the road, and just about the time the car was to pass them, Hoffman stepped directly in front of the machine, and was struck with such force that he was instantly killed.

Immediately after the accident Mr. Brahaney and party notified the authorities at St. Marys who repaired to the scene and the body was taken to the county home, and at a hearing Saturday morning at St. Marys, the coroner empanelled a jury, who after listening to the evidence of the companion of the man and the auto party, they released Mr. Brahaney from all blame.

While he was not responsible for the sad accident, nevertheless it was a terrible shock to him and a great strain on his nervous system. Mr. Brahaney has many friends here, as well as at Johnsonburg, who will regret to learn of the accident.—Kane Republican.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

THAT GOOD COLLEGE
YOU ARE LOOKING FOR IS
ALLEGHENY
WRITE TO PRESIDENT CRAWFORD
YEAR OPENS SEPT. 19 MEADVILLE, PA.

215 ACRE FARM
COWS AND TOOLS,
$1,000 PAYMENT.

We offer for sale a farm of 215 acres, located 3 miles from Eldred, Pa., on road to Duke Center. 150 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture. Land is rolling, fair fences; watered by living springs. New house of 7 rooms, new barn 40x60 with cement basement, hen house and hog house. Good orchard. This farm is one-eighth mile from school, church and creamery, on R. F. D. and telephone line. Included with the farm is a dairy of 13 cows, and all farm tools and machinery. Price $5,000. Terms $1,000 cash, balance ten years' time, at 5 per cent interest. Will take house and lot or other porperty in part payment. Write or telephone,

Herrick Agency
306 Masonic Temple. Both Phones
OLEAN, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

VACATION TIME

Perhaps you need a Trunk or Traveling Bag. We have the Best in the world, the celebrated Liskly Rochester Baggage, and a complete assortment of matting and rattan cases. Cool shirts and underwear; also Hosiery and Neckwear—Just received a new stock. We have six weeks yet for Straw Hat wear; a good assortment to chose from.

ONE-HALF PRICE

Great Big Reductions on all our Men's, Youths, and Boys' Summer Suits. A nice lot of them on hand, and all new this season.

We are showing quite a number of styles in Fall Hats.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN
John B. Stetson
Soft and Stiff Hats
$3.50 to $5.00
at
H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

THE SHORTEST ROAD

to comfort and foot ease is the one right to ANDERSON & CARLSON'S. The more you tramp around looking for it the farther you will get away from it unless it leads in the right direction. You will save time and money as well as discomfort by coming direct to our store where you will find the "dern[illegible]r the last word in up-to-da[illegible]nner footwear.

A[illegible]SON & CARLSON'S,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

THE MINER

$1 PER YEAR

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AUTOMOBILE
TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

—Write us for Prices—

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND NEXT WEEK

LADIES' WHITE SHIRT WAISTS

The $1.00 Quality at.....79c.
" 1.25 " "....98
" 1.50 " "....$1.19
" 2.00 " "....1.38
" 2.50 " "....1.48
" 3.00 " "....1.98

500 to 750 Silk, Black and Colored going at $3.98

SHOES

Boy's and Girl's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather
The $1.50 quality at 98c
1 Lot Ladie's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather
The $3.00 kind for $1.98
Ladie's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather
The $3.50 and $4 quality going at $2.25

SUIT CASES

$1.50 quality at $1.00 — $2.00 quality at $1.50
$3.00 " " $2.00 — $6.00 solid leather $4.48

LACE CURTAINS

1 Lot of odd Curtains only one of a pattern at less than the cost to manufacture. 1 Lot Lace Curtains only one pair of a kind at about half price.

1 Lot Mens' white Dress shirts in sizes 14 and 14½. Sold at $1.00. Going for 49c.

Open Evenings until 8 O'Clock

THE LINDHOLM CO.,

Saturday Evening until 10 O'Clock

DALY & GARLICK'S

SPECIAL SALE

Cleaver 30c
Gen'l House Knife 25c
Paring Knife 10c
Worth 65c

29c

Fully Warranted

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware & Plumbing

SMETHPORT - - - - PENNA.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 17, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The roads up Marvin creek are in a very bad condition at the present time.

—The rains of Tuesday and last evening have done much to prevent a water famine in some sections.

—Editor McFall of the Eldred Eagle who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever for the past two weeks, is said to be improving rapidly.

—Two automobiles had a narrow escape from a collision at the foot of Kent Hollow last Sunday eveping. Only quick work saved a bad smash-up.

—George Howard is busy moving his household effects from Crosby to the new home he recently purchased on the corner of Mechanic and Bank streets.

—A new water line is being laid up Franklin street from Green to High and along High street to Fulton street. This will provide water for a number of residents in that section.

—Theron Lyle and Howard Brownell, who are in Erie this week taking part in the Tennis tournament, won their game on Monday from an Erie team and we understand were defeated on Tuesday by a Ridgway team.

—The Italians of Bradford and vicinity celebrated Assumption and St. Rocco days on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. A beautiful display of fireworks and an excellent musical program were features of the event.

—We have received an invitation to the marriage of Miss Rose Vanderbuilt McKeehan and Mr. Horace Brown King of this place, which will be solemnized at the Second Presbyterian church at Carlisle on Wednesday, Aug. 30.

—Mrs. Chester Moody, of Moody Hollow, Keating township, died at her home in that place on Sunday, from afflictions of the heart and liver, aged nearly 60 years. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the house.

—This community was infested last night with little black flies that almost made traveling unbearable. They are different from any flies ever seen here before and no one whom we met had any idea what they were nor where they came from. They do not seem to bite or sting, but are a great pest nevertheless. They are larger than the gnat or little black flies so often encountered in the woods.

—The September issue of The Boys' Magazine is now on sale at the newsstands. This issue is particularly interesting and should be read by every boy. Although this magazine is less than two years old it has passed the 50,000 mark in circulation and is fast becoming recognized as the leading publication for boys in the United States. This speaks well for the ability of Mr. Redfield as a magazine man.

—Miss Myra, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cury of Coryville, and Mr. Edward Gunter, were united in marriage at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. J. Williams, at Jamestown, N. Y., yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Gunter are popular young people of Coryville and they have a host of friends in Smethport and vicinity who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life. After a brief honeymoon trip they will reside in Coryville.

—At 6:30 Monday morning the people of the town, those who were not up, were awakened by a very familiar sound, that of a dynamite explosion. Inquiry revealed the fact that the Nitro-Glycerine plant of the Emporium Powder works went up. As luck would have it, no one was even injured and while the loss is considerable, the inconvenience to the company in causing delay in filling large orders for the Panama canal is the greatest consideration, says to-day's Emporium Independent.

—Sandford L. Fry had a narrow escape from a frightful accident on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Fry, daughter, Helen, and Mr. and Mrs. Christian Herzog were on their way to Jamestown and just as they broke over the summit of Rew Hill one of the rear wheels came off letting the car down. An examination showed that the axle was broken and the car was out of commission. The O. J. Hamlin car which came along soon after the accident brought the ladies home and a telephone message brought Henry DuChamp to Mr. Fry's assistance. Mr. DuChamp welded the broken axle thus enabling Mr. Fry to run his car home.

—Dr. Biggins of Eldred, who has been an inmate of the County Home for some time past, and Charles Hughes, an aged county charge, were taken to the State Hospital for the Insane at Warren on Tuesday by County Commissioners Peterson and Marsh. Dr. Biggins is a bright, intelligent young man as long as he leaves strong drink alone, but of late he has been drinking quite heavily. His friends got him into the County Home with hopes that he would straighten up, but he failed to do so. When taken to Warren he was laboring under the delusion that two of our prominent county officials had been foully murdered and he was determined to avenge their untimely death.

—S. L. Carver of Salamanca is a prisoner in the Bradford lockup charged with being a fugitive from justice. He was arrested last night at 11 o'clock, in the vicinity of Marshburg, by Constable John Howe of Bradford. Officer Hubble of Salamanca was present. It was on complaint of the latter that the capture was effected. Carver is accused of having taken three horses out of New York state contrary to legal regulations. It seems that he had bought the horses on a chattel mortgage from a Cattaraugus county man and had not fulfilled the stipulations of the mortgage. He had not paid for the equines. After he had brought the horses to Pennsylvania the owner caused a warrant to be issued for Carver's arrest, charging larceny in the second degree. Officer Hubble came here and the trail of the horseman was soon located. When found Carver had camped for the night by the roadside. He had but two of the three horses with him and explained that one of the animals had succeeded in getting away. It is suspected that he sold the missing horse. —Monday's Star-Record.

—Edna Voorhees of Olean and Robert Albert of Buffalo, are popular vaudeville performers. Mr. Albert is the son of Fred Albert, formerly of Bradford. The "team" known as "Edna and Albert," have just finished a tour of 54 weeks in the principal cities and have been very successful. Young Mr. Albert is now a visitor with Bradford relatives. A notice from an Asbury Park paper of a performance at the Criterian theatre in that place, mentions Edna and Albert as follows: "Edna and Albert are a whole show in themselves. They do about everything from singing and dancing to difficult contortion feats." —Bradford Era. Miss Voorhees is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush of this place and is well-known here.

—A case brought by a Bradford young woman against the Standard Protective society, an insurance organization, to collect $154 as a sick benefit, was tried before Alderman Foley of the Third ward. The plaintiff was awarded the amount claimed. The association then appealed the case to the county court and there the alderman's decision was affirmed. The Standard Protective Society then asked Judge Bonton for a new trial, alleging that the girl in the case had been ill on account of an operation and that the latter was due to the plaintiff's immorality and therefore not such sickness as the society would pay benefits upon. The claim was also made that the court of McKean county had no jurisdiction in the matter, the Protective Society having its headquarters in Reading, Pa. Both requests were refused by Judge Bonton in an able opinion handed down this week.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Chas. S. Mooney spent Sunday in Erie, Pa.

Allen G. King visited relatives in Port Allegany Sunday.

Miss Sue Gallup of Kane is the guest of Miss Ella Gallup.

Dr. E. H. French has returned from a business trip to Rochester.

Miss Irma Wells is spending the week with friends in Buffalo.

L. Steinhauer of Farmers Valley had business in town on Monday.

Miss Mary Mullin of Washington, Pa., is the guest of Mrs. E. T. Daly.

Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Farmers Valley was a visitor in town yesterday.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless left yesterday for a short visit in Pittsburgh.

Miss Amanda Anderson has returned from a month's visit with friends in Warren.

Miss Anna Barry left the latter part of the week on a business visit to Pittsburgh.

Master Frederick Schwab of Bradford is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth.

Miss Ida Marks of Bloomster Hollow was the guest of Miss Elsie Sherer yesterday.

Dr. W. P. Burdick of Kane was calling on friends in town the first of the week.

Miss Mae Studholme of Ontario, Canada, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Studholme.

Wm. Monheimer and W. J. Kerr returned home Saturday from a visit to New York city.

Mrs. H. Bowen and children, Jack and Isabelle returned to their home in Bradford Sunday.

W. A. Andorfer of Kane was in town yesterday shaking hands with his many friends in town.

Mrs. Bessie Albert of Minneapolis, Minn., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Shook.

Dr. Gavin Hamilton of Houston, Texas, spent Sunday with his brother, Dr. Robert Hamilton.

Mrs. Henry Hamlin and daughter, Mrs. Howard Merrill, left yesterday for Portsmouth, N. H.

Mrs. A. W. Cutler, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus, has returned to her home in Oneonta, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry and daughter, Helen, returned Saturday evening from a trip to Buffalo.

Mrs. Louisa Hilsinger of Bradford has been visiting Miss Margaret Muntz of Green street.

Jesse Cosper, who has been confined to his home for several weeks by illness, is able to be out.

E. A. Hamilton, John Saulpaugh, Mike Smith and Fred Hungiville were Bradford visitors Monday.

Mrs. E. M. Sherer and daughter, Miss Elsie, were the guests of friends in Bloomster Hollow Monday.

Foster Buchanan of Bradford who has been visiting relatives in town returned to his home Friday.

The Misses Ina and Jennie Milroy are visiting their uncle, I. F. Milroy, at Randolph, N. Y., this week.

Mrs. Lee B. Stull of Denver, Colo., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Evans, of Bank street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Mason and son, Jack, of Pittsburgh, are visiting at the home of A. B. Armstrong.

Miss Helen Haley of DeGolia was a guest at the home of her brother, Harry Haley, the first of this week.

Donovan Bell is home from Wichita Falls, Texas, for a two weeks' visit with his mother, Mrs. Samuel E. Bell.

M. S. Geary and Oscar Engstrom were Kane visitors Sunday, making the trip in the former's automobile.

J. W. Shaw, a newspaper man from Binghamton, N. Y., was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday afternoon.

James Pine left Tuesday evening for a visit to his home in Hoosic Falls, N. Y., where he will be for the next two weeks.

Mrs. Minnie Patterson and son children, Carl and Minnie, of Homesdale are visiting at the home of Mrs. John Witt.

Miss Anna Nelson returned Sunday from Port Allegany where she had been the guest of her parents for some time.

Mrs. Alfred Richards of Olean returned to her home Saturday after a short visit with her cousin, Mrs. Mollie E. Pierce.

Mrs. Fred Barber and son, Atwood, and daughter, Margaret, of Groveland, N. Y., are visiting her mother, Mrs. Atwood Putnam.

Mrs. James Sweeney and daughter, Miss Alice, of Bartlesville, Okla., are guests of Mrs. E. T. Daly and other friends in this place.

The Misses Fay and Edna Otto returned to their home in Smethport on Saturday after a week's visit with their parents in Eldred.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McGavern and sons, Harrison and Charles, have returned from a four weeks' visit with relatives in Groveland, N. Y.

Myer Rice and daughter, Miss Myra, of Farmers Valley leave today for New York city where they will visit his son, George L. Rice.

Ralph P. Yerdon of Kane, Republican candidate for Sheriff, was a visitor in town on Monday. Mr. Yerdon says he has been around the county some and is much pleased with the prospects for his nomination.

(Continued on Page 8.)

SCHOOL DAYS

are almost here. Does not it

MAKE YOU THINK

of "things" your boy needs for the occasion? You will find here

Everything Your Boy Needs

for school—at most reasonable prices.

Knickerbocker or Bloomer Pants 50c to $1.50 pr.
Bloomer waists 50c and 75c
Shoes, including stockings $1.50 to $2.50 per pr.
Caps 25c and 50c.

Any goods proving unsatisfactory, we will exchange or refund the price paid.

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Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "WOOLTEX"

Store closed at 6 P. M. except Monday and Saturday, on those days 8 and 10 P. M. respectively.

WHITE WAIST SALE

We offer this week choice of fifty white Lawn waists at a saving that is worth your prompt attention.

There is a large variety of styles in lingerie and medium weight lawns—lace and embroidery trimmings—long and short sleeves—button back and front.

See them in the window.

Reductions range from ¼ to ⅓ off regular prices.

Sale prices 50 cents to $3.75.

FRY & COMES

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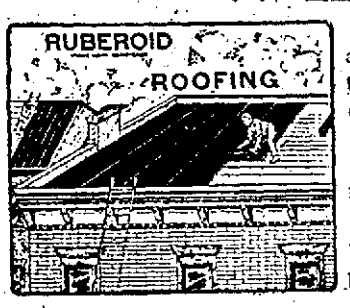
WHY



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RUBEROID ROOFING

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

The Black and White Bill

An Honest Legislator's Experience With Graft

By HOWARD FIELDING

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Morton Strickland entered public life by way of the New York assembly. He had been lured into politics in a previous campaign, where he seemed to perceive a moral issue and had greatly assisted in the election of a man who subsequently proved to be a knave. Strickland was a big, handsome fellow, with the voice of a trumpet and a sharp wit; his crisp phrases caught the ear and were remembered and repeated; he could pin a characterization upon an adversary so that it would stick.

But Strickland was not favored by "the machine" and would never have been nominated except in one of those

"I HAVE HAD IT IN MY MIND TO WARN YOU"

emergencies in which it is necessary to name a clean man on the normally dominant side in order that the minority may accomplish a political upheaval.

It is doubtful that there ever was a man more thoroughly disgusted with the general practice of what is called "graft" than Strickland. In his private affairs he had been poisoned by it, smothered in it, and he had come to a furious belief that the only proper way to treat a grafter was with the toe of the boot. The bare mention of a bribe excited in his mind the idea of personal violence.

His chief inheritance had been a share in a life insurance establishment. The elder Strickland had been a partner in this business, but in the last of his life had withdrawn from active management because of ill health, and the affairs of the firm had fallen into a very bad way. After his father's death Morton Strickland tried to do some good for the business. He went into it with unbounded enthusiasm, but small experience, and for a time he succeeded from a great perplexity. There was an inexplicable reason why nothing could be done. It took Strickland a year to discover that the whole concern from top to bottom was honeycombed with bribery everywhere. It was either the beneficiary or the victim of some form of graft.

When Strickland came to realize that this was the business which had been in the family for his father's time he could have wept with rage and shame. He made a brief but fierce struggle and was finally forced to sell his interest upon very disadvantageous terms, for he was dealing with seasoned tricksters, and they had the upper hand of him.

One result of this experience was that he took up the study of law, for he had been worsted partly through ignorance of his own legal rights. He had just been admitted to the bar when he was elected to the assembly.

There was in Albany a man named Leroy Wendell, who had been a friend of Strickland's father, though considerably his junior. He was in a quiet way of practice, lived modestly and seemed to find his pleasure in his home, in good books and the company of cultivated people. He offered Strickland the freedom of his office, the use of his library and the hospitality of his home whenever the young man should care to come.

At the first glance the Wendells' style of living seemed to savor of the mikerly; their house was small, they kept but one servant, and the simplicity and openness of their economies had an air of something very near to affectation. Mrs. Wendell and two daughters completed the family. The elder of the children was her father's stenographer; the younger was still at school. A high average of personal beauty distinguished this family.

Strickland's first feeling was of interest, a more sense of pleasurable novelty which developed into admiration. An uplifting influence took hold upon him in that house. When he turned toward it of an evening the day's evil seemed to fall away from him, and he left it always with good thoughts. Love sprang up like a rose in a garden. He was in love with Laura Wendell.

About this time there came a sort of crisis in Strickland's personal affairs, and he was threatened with considerable loss. The details are unnecessary here. The difficulty grew out of the sale of his interest in the lithographing business. He had, in effect, invested some of this money before he had received it. His former associates were delaying payments, but his own that he agreed to make could not be put off without danger of the loss of all. In this emergency he consulted Mr. Wendell, who advised him that he must not default in any payment. True enough, but where should he get the money? Mr. Wendell thought he might be able to help the young man in securing a loan, and, though Strickland was very unwilling to accept this favor, he eventually did so. The money was advanced by a friend of Mr. Wendell, an old lawyer now retired from practice and supposed to be entirely disengaged from active affairs. His name was Curtis B. Connor.

Meanwhile an interesting situation had sprung up in the halls of legislation. Members were going about bright eyed and eager, and the older ones were talking of the "good old days." It was a measure with money on both sides of it. The usual thing in those days is for the money to be on one side and the public on the other. But in this instance there was a battle of the giants, extremely doubtful in issue, and a member who desired to be "influenced" could look in either direction.

The fight centered in the assembly. That was where the bushwhacking was being done. Stories of bribery filled the air, but Strickland seemed to be immune. He had been introduced to a great many lobbyists, ranging from seeming respectabilities to the lowest of created bipeds; but, though some of these persons "sounded" him in a rather crude way, he received no direct proposition.

And in the midst of all this he was utterly in doubt as to his proper course—confused by rumors, blinded by his own inexperience with large affairs and unable to decide in which direction lay the public interest. Two powerful syndicates were fighting for and against the measure, and these, from the names of two lesser figures in the legal talent of the lobby, became known as the black ring and the white ring.

Strickland had carried his doubts to Wendell, who at first shared them, but on a certain evening the two met late before an office fire in the lawyer's house, and as a result of their conversation Strickland came to a decision. As a choice of evils he would vote upon the white side, for so Wendell advised him with arguments that seemed excellent.

On the second day following a little after noon Strickland was passing through a corridor of the statehouse when he met a veteran assemblyman named Stuart Porter, a courtly, handsome man, who had treated the new member with consideration and had been of considerable help to him. Porter had taken no active part in the debate on what was known as the black and white bill. His true attitude was unknown to Strickland, who had often been upon the point of asking his advice.

They paused for a moment's talk, and it seemed to the younger man that the other regarded him strangely; there was a certain sadness in his manner. Strickland was of a hasty temper and impatient of mysteries. It was his habit to speak straight out.

"What is the matter?" said he. "Have I offended you in any way?"

The old gentleman started somewhat with surprise at this abrupt question, and his face hardened, but in a moment relaxed into a very kindly expression.

"If you were keen enough to see that," said he, "I wonder that you have been so easily deceived in other matters."

"What matters?" said Strickland.

"I have had it in my mind to warn you several times," said the other, "but you carry your head rather high for so young a man. It seemed to me that perhaps you needed a lesson. You will vote upon what we call the white side this afternoon, I suppose?"

"Such is my intention."

"And the loan from Curtis B. Connor was, I believe, $2,000?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Strickland, but gently, for the other's manner impressed him.

"Mr. Wendell secured it for you," said Porter. "Mr. Wendell has represented the interests that are back of the white ring in Albany for twenty years."

"I don't believe it! Why, the man is poor."

"He seems so."

"Seems? Do you know how simply he lives? Are you aware that his daughter serves him as secretary?"

"Mr. Wendell needs a secretary whom he can trust," answered Porter. "There, there! I mean no disrespect to the young lady! I know your private sentiments in that quarter. She does not see any wrong in her father's dealings; she serves him faithfully, loyally, trustfully. She is an admirable girl. But Mr. Wendell's case is not one that we can pretend about. It is well known. Ask Rockwell; here he comes."

Mr Rockwell was an old time member of the assembly, a man of great ability. Strickland rushed up to him, scarce knowing what he did.

"We were speaking of Mr. Wendell," he began.

"Yes," interrupted Rockwell, "and so are a good many other people. They are saying that he has got you fixed. Now, don't get excited. You haven't done any harm yet. Go into your committee room and sit down and keep cool. I'll send you a document that will help you think."

Strickland was dazed, and before he could frame a reply the group was increased by several men, in the presence of some of whom he did not care to speak. The suggestion of the committee room stuck in his mind. He went there, and the room being empty, he paced the floor with a wild freedom. He saw clearly enough that Wendell had duped him, and all his long cherished wrath against the crime of bribery rose up in arms to his head.

A messenger entered the room and gave Strickland a letter. It had been opened. He glanced at the envelope and saw that it was one of Mr. Wendell's and was addressed to Curtis B. Connor. It seemed right to read it, for this must be the document to which Rockwell had referred.

The letter was typewritten and quite long. It ran upon the second page and was signed by Wendell. In the boldest terms it outlined to Connor the scheme of the loan, the money really to be furnished by the backers of the white ring for the purpose of clinching Wendell's influence over Strickland and securing his vote.

Strickland crushed the letter in his hand and rushed out of the room. He went straight to Wendell's office. Laura was there, and he put the letter into her hands.

"Read it," said he, and she, alarmed, drew out the letter from the envelope.

She read about half the first page and then turned to the second and stared at her father's signature. Then with trembling hands she sought for a notebook in a drawer and, having found it, turned the pages hastily.

"Here are the notes," said she. "Wait; I will compare them. Yes, the few lines on the second page are right; that is the real second page. The first is a forgery. See! It is our paper! They have stolen a sheet, but the type is not the same—not to the eye. It was not done on this machine, but on one of the same make. Look at the "m!" Look at the "t!" Compare them."

Strickland bent his attention with frenzied concentration to this comparison. Then he stood erect, his face contorted, yet when he spoke his voice was calm.

"If I had not found you here," he said, "I should have gone back to the capitol and voted as those devils planned to make me. I should have voted against your father's advice, believing that he had tried to bribe me. There shall be a reckoning for this!"

"Let me read the letter as it was," she said.

It is needless to say that its purport was entirely innocent and that it made no reference whatever to the black and white bill. All that was on the substituted first page which the conspirators had got up after stealing the original letter from Connor's office.

"I don't ask you to forgive me, Laura," said Strickland, "and I won't lie to you. I believed this miserable lie. I have seen so much evil! How can I believe in good? But wait. Porter and Rockwell shall pay for this."

"You can do nothing," said she. "They are old men; you cannot fight them physically. And what else can you do? They will deny ever having spoken to you on the subject. You cannot prove that this forged letter came from them. You can accuse them publicly, but they will laugh at you. I advise you to ignore the whole matter."

This was more than Strickland's temper would permit him to do; far more,

"HERE ARE THE NOTES," SAID SHE

indeed, than the girl desired, for she was as angry as he was and argued with him only to dissuade him from actual physical violence. In this she succeeded, and yet Strickland managed to pay both Porter and Rockwell in full before he was done with them. Neither of them could be elected today to be dog catcher in his native city, for Strickland was capable of sustained animosity and had gifts of natural ability very dangerous to his enemies. But Wendell, whose reputation had been trifled with in so gross a manner, could never be led into this fight. The surface of his quiet life was not even ruffled by it. His sound good sense is an excellent background for the aggressive force of Strickland, now his son-in-law. But Wendell himself is a lover of peace and of the arts and of the hearth of home.

SIRES AND SONS.

The Duke of Buccleuch owns 460,000 acres of land.

Congressman Charles Stephen Millington, recently appointed assistant treasurer of the United States at New York, has been a banker practically all his life.

Rear Admiral Albert Ross, retired in 1908, has been placed in charge of the new naval training station at North Chicago, where Uncle Sam will convert country boys into trained men-o'-wars-men.

Philip B. Fleming, honor man of the 1911 graduating class of West Point, is the son of J. J. Fleming, a prominent banker of Burlington, Ia. Fleming is twenty-four years of age. Of 146 of the original class which entered four years ago only eighty-three survived the rigors of discipline for the full term.

Sir Guilford Lindsay Molesworth, late consulting engineer to the government of India, who recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday, has a career covering sixty years, and his "Molesworth's Pocketbook of Engineering Formulae," having gone through many editions, is still a standard work of the highest authority.

John Wheelock Titcomb, who is now in charge of the division of fish culture in the bureau of fisheries, knows so much about swimming things that in 1903 he was specially employed by the Argentine government to explore the rivers of the country and report how many kinds of fish there were in all the streams. He built the first fish hatchery in South America.

The Royal Box.

Dowager Queen Alexandra is the only woman who is a member of the Order of the Garter.

Among royal personages engaged in trade is the Queen of Holland, whose hobby is her dairy farm at Het Loo, out of which she makes a fair profit.

The kaiser is a great reader, and while he tries to keep himself abreast of current thought his favorite book is the Bible. A well thumbed and marked copy is always by his bedside.

Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria is a physician and an accomplished musician, and when his duties as general of Bavarian cavalry leave him free he practices medicine among the poor, who have learned to look upon him as the kindliest of friendly benefactors.

The Judge's Bench.

An actress who attempted suicide has been sentenced to a year in jail. Possibly the judge considered it the only way to keep her out of vaudeville.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Wisconsin judge has ruled that a man must provide his wife with false teeth if she wants them. This, however, is interesting only to the women who want them.—Detroit Free Press.

A Georgia judge has decided that no woman can practice law in his state. He will reverse himself or he will be reversed. Whatever she wants to do woman may do in any state of the Union.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Woman Suffrage.

It is estimated that from 40,000 to 60,000 people marched in the votes for women procession in London June 17.

It has been officially announced that an international men's union to further the cause of woman suffrage has just been formed.

An usually interesting program is being prepared for the national suffrage convention which meets in Louisville, Ky., Oct. 19 to 25.

Polish women of the city of Chicago have organized a woman suffrage society to be known as the Polish Political League of America.

Town Topics.

Come to New York. We have more different ways of getting your money than any other city in the United States.—Life.

The death rate in Rome is said to be the lowest among the cities of Europe. This seems to be an offset to "see Naples and die."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A man has succeeded in crossing from Providence, R. I., to Gibraltar in a twenty foot yawl. Goodness, how he must have wanted to get away from Providence.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tales of Cities.

Rome was on fire for six days in the year 64.

Seattle's Alaska trade exceeds $50,000,000 a year.

Halifax, with a population of 50,000, has a gross debt of $4,455,390.

London's debt is now $555,000,000, of which $2,400,000 was added during the last year.

Havre, France, is to be made one of the world's first ports by improvements costing $18,000,000.

Aviation.

One of the newest aeroplanes is equipped with mirror, clock, foot-warmer and compass.

The Aero Club of Mexico was recently organized in the City of Mexico, and will be affiliated with clubs in France, England, Germany and the United States.

One hundred and one miles an hour on an average was the record speed recently attained in an aeroplane by a French aviator; a strong following wind was the cause of his success.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Ann Margaret Holmgren, the pioneer suffragist of Sweden, has just celebrated her sixtieth birthday.

Mrs. Berger, wife of the Socialist congressman, has been a member of the Milwaukee school board, the only woman ever elected to that office by direct vote of the people.

The Duchess of Marlborough says there is no truth in the rumor that she planned to either buy or rent a house in Washington or that she intended to go to America soon.

Mrs. Copley Thaw, formerly the Countess of Yarmouth, has bought the home of the late Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller in Washington for $70,000. It will be remodeled, and Mrs. Thaw will make it her home.

Mrs. Philip Carpenter, a prominent clubwoman, is the first woman lawyer to win a case before the court of appeals in New York. She is president of Sorosis, director of the Woman's Bar association, director of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and consulting lawyer of the New England women of New York city.

Mrs. Amy D. Winship of Racine, Wis., eighty years of age, is now completing her second year in the arts course at Ohio university and will next autumn enter the University of Wisconsin as the only octogenarian co-ed in the United States and probably in the world. She was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln.

Hits and Runs.

Umpire William Evans of the American league staff says he doesn't object to kicking in mild form if it doesn't go too far.

The St. Louis club has purchased for September delivery Catcher Edward Burns from the Tacoma club of the Northwestern league.

Eddie Siever, the former Detroit pitcher, has quit professional baseball and is now pitching semi-professional ball in the vicinity of Detroit.

Nunnemaker, the catcher who is showing up so well with the Red Sox, was once the property of the Cubs, but was turned back by them. The Bostons got him by draft.

Cat-her Bergen of Brooklyn is the champion pull-back batsman of the country. He has practically won several games for Brooklyn by making hits while drawing away from the plate.

Current Comment.

With the "anti-suffragettes" spanking their husbands and the "suffragettes" taking their trousers the outlook for men is very unhappy.—New York Herald.

A Kansas City man on a European trip wrote that he had seen a sea serpent in pursuit of a school of whales. Isn't it time our ocean liners were installing Keeley cures.—Los Angeles Express.

A man who once held a government clerkship in Washington says: "If you work after 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon there they think you're stealing something." And government employees almost invariably avoid suspicion.—Boston Globe.

Pert Personals.

One great American whom there is no thought of probing is Ty Cobb.—Anaconda Standard.

There are no flies on the Ahkoond of Swat—that is, if he lives up to his name.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Maybe Mr. Stokes made the mistake, when writing these letters, of not enclosing a stamped envelope for their return.—Atlanta Journal.

"President Taft is the world's greatest benefactor," says Andy Carnegie. Tut, tut, Andy! Why, he hasn't given away a single library.—Washington Post.

Electric Flashes.

The best rubber gloves for the use of electricians are tested to resist a current of 10,000 volts.

The total investment in electric light plants in the United States is now more than $2,000,000,000, according to reports presented to the National Electric Light association.

The offer of a prize has not solved the problem of the profitable use of windmills in the Netherlands for the generation of electricity. Fourteen cents per hour per lamp was the best that could be done.

Tree Twigs.

All trees shrink in winter.

The highest trees have the most pointed leaves.

The incense tree is never more than fifteen feet in height. It presents a thorny and unsightly growth and thrives in desert regions.

The South American trumpet tree might furnish a band with musical instruments inasmuch as its hollow branches are utilized for horns and also for drums.

The Cookbook.

A little tomato sauce or plain stewed tomato may be used as a moistening when preparing beef croquettes.

Fish that is to be fried should be ordered to be sent early, as it cooks much better if previously rolled some time in a clean cloth to insure perfect dryness.

When preparing potatoes for baking cut one paring around the largest side of the potato lengthwise and when baked the skin will slip off from each side readily.

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The Substitute Nurse

Escapade of a Masquerader and Its Happy Result

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE

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"Now that you have finished your hospital apprenticeship, this is a fairly good place for you to fit in for awhile as city physician," went on Dr. Butler, rushing around the office occupied in preparation for his departure. "You'll find the majority of your patients poorer than the proverbial rolent, but your salary, with an occasional fee or two, will take care of you until something better turns up."

A workman had effaced the sign of the retiring physician from the door glass and was lining in another name, Dr. Butler went on: "My colors have been hauled down, and up go yours. Good luck to you, Dr. William Y. Mainard!"

"Thanks. The Lord knows I need it!"

"Here is a list of memoranda I scrapped together for you, even to a list of nurses," said Dr. Butler, handing Mainard some sheets of paper. "If you need some one especially competent and painstaking call out Miss

"GETTA DI NURSE!" AGREED THE UNCLE.

Mary Leeds. She's all right. She attends to business and does as you tell her to."

"I'll remember her," Mainard replied.

When a street car and a ten-year-old boy each attempt to occupy a certain spot in the right of way at the same moment results are usually disastrous to the boy. At any rate, that is what happened to Mike Cesnola a week after Mainard assumed his new official position.

At first Mainard thought half of Little Italy was tumbling and piling into his office in the act of a young riot, but when by dexterous wedging and thrusting he reached the object in their midst and he saw the cause of the excitement was an injured boy he grabbed the little unconscious form and rushed back to the operating room with it, where he and Tommie Wheeler, his assistant, commenced to investigate and repair the sadly battered child.

That he was badly injured was undeniable. Mainard regarded the case desperate enough to send Mike straightway to a hospital and would have summoned the ambulance had not Mike's uncle, a well to do fruit merchant, protested frantically. Hospitals were hospitals to the Cesnolas since Mike's father had never returned from one after the subway caveln, where he was hurt while shoveling dirt. In consequence Mike was sent home.

"He must have a nurse and the very best attention," admonished Mainard.

"Getta di nurse, getta di nurse!" agreed the uncle liberally and explosively. "Salvi di Mike!"

That is why Mainard found himself in telephone communication with Mary Leeds a few minutes later.

"If you will please come right down, Miss Leeds," Mainard requested her summarily, "I will wait for you."

"Ve very well, Dr. Mainard. I shall be there within half an hour."

A frightened faced girl turned from the telephone and looked around the room, half dazed.

"Now I've done it!" she exclaimed to herself. "What in the world shall I do? I'm no sort of nurse. I couldn't nurse a sick cat! Maybe I've got myself into a pretty mess. Most likely I have, but she told me to do anything, to say anything, rather than let the doctors know she has broken down, just as though it were a crime for a nurse to get ill. Poor things! They're supposed to be made of cast iron and to be nerve proof.

"Well, here goes nothing of a nurse in Mary Leeds' name and clothes, and may kind providence take care of Mary Leeds' professional reputation!"

In medical parlance Mike Cesnola was dubbed by a "surgical case," and as Lucia Cesnola, Mike's mother, persisted in keeping her suspicious eye on the doctor and in being present when the rebandaging was done Miss Leeds tactfully suggested to Dr. Mainard that it might relieve the mother's anxiety if she were permitted to assist.

Bright idea! This was quite agreeable to Mrs. Cesnola and most surprising to Dr. Mainard, his astonishment being emphasized by Mary Leeds making herself scarcer at such times. That wasn't exactly his notion of a competent, energetic, faithful nurse; that wasn't the way the nurses at the hospital did. If he had been called upon for his candid opinion of Mary Leeds as a nurse he probably would have said that she had fallen down on her job. Several times he was on the point of dismissing her, but Mike was extremely fond of her, and she spoke Italian surprisingly well.

There was another characteristic about Mary Leeds which didn't coincide with Dr. Butler's recommendation. She was a beauty, one of the most stunning girls Mainard had ever seen.

Mike's encounter with the street car occurred late in May. It was July now, and down in the lower east side where the heat is intensified by close quarters and other physical discomforts life was almost unbearable.

While Mike's legs and arms were knitting satisfactorily and he held fair odds of eventually recovering entirely, his general health lagged. Try as she would—and it must be admitted that Mary Leeds had improved a trifle as a nurse—Mike's little face continued pinched, and his big brown eyes looked up in such a way that they hurt every heart near him. Mary Leeds frequently cried about him. She did everything she could think of to raise his spirits from the lethargy they remained in day after day.

"I don't like the way Mike is doing," Mary Leeds said to the doctor one day. "My professional instinct"—

"Your what?" Dr. Mainard interrupted thoughtlessly.

"My professional instinct," she continued, with a touch of hauteur, though inwardly amused, "tells me that the child needs a change of air, of environment. What do you think about it?"

"Your professional instinct is correct this time."

She disregarded his ungracious specification.

"Would you mind if I took him somewhere with me?"

"Where?"

"Some very intimate friends of mine who are abroad this summer have given me the privilege of using their place if I wish in which to entertain one or two patients. The house is open and the servants are there."

"Where is it?"

"Away up north of the city, almost up to Yonkers. A perfectly ideal country place."

"Take the boy, of course. It would do him a world of good!"

"The family has every confidence in me," she laughed, in mock conceit at him.

"I shall be obliged to see Mike at least twice a week to attend to the casts and bandages. I don't see exactly how I am going to manage it."

"Three machines are lying idle up there in the garage, and a chauffeur with nothing to do," quickly replied Miss Leeds. "Besides, I can operate one of those horrors myself. Suppose I or my—the chauffeur should meet you at the seventy-second street subway station on the days you come."

"Delightful suggestion, but I should have to be away from the office a half day each time. Oh, well," decisively, "Mike's got to be looked after!" She didn't notice the admiring glance he cast in her direction.

One day a big touring car made its way slowly through the crowded tenement districts and stopped at Cesnola's. Then Mary Leeds in street costume and Mike Cesnola in semirecumbent and blankets were whizzed away from the stifling, impure and unlovely air away up through the long city, over wonderfully beautiful and intricate roadways farther out, until finally they were in front of a rambling stone structure. It was the Walbridge homestead.

Mrs. Nelson, the housekeeper, was on the veranda. She kissed Mary Leeds as she ran up the steps.

"Everything is ready, Miss Grace," Mrs. Nelson said, "and I am delighted that you're home. I hope it's for good and that you're not thinking of going near those awful tenements again this summer."

"No more settlement work for me just at present," the girl replied resolutely.

The butler and the chauffeur were fetching Mike in.

"Northeast suit, John," Grace Walbridge directed the butler. "Be very easy with the little chap!"

"See here, Nelson," Grace Walbridge exclaimed as soon as they had Mike comfortable, "I've a confession to make and I want to put you on your guard and to ask you to help me out. Is it a bargain?"

"Anything within reason, Miss Grace, of course. Anything your father and mother would approve of."

"You see," the girl continued dubiously, "I've got myself into a scrape, and that's all there is to it. There's no telling what Mary Leeds may have to put up with either. In fact, I don't know what I haven't done to her professional reputation!"

"How is that?" Nelson asked concernedly.

"It's this way: You know when I went down into the city this spring to pry into settlement work and find out where money is needed most I went to live with Mary Leeds in her flat and assumed another name—Miss Knox—so people wouldn't know who I was and pester the life out of me.

"Yes."

"As I telephoned you the other day, Mary went home sick to Albany, and the last thing she made me do was to promise not to let the doctors know she was used up. Then there came a call for her, and what was I to do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the sympathetic Nelson replied.

"The only alternative was to go in her place, and that's what I've been doing for weeks—impersonating Mary Leeds!"

"With that sick boy on your hands?"

"Yes."

"God is good. It's a wonder the child lived!" cried Nelson, raising her hands incredulously.

"Isn't it?" agreed Grace Walbridge. "Positively, Nelson, there couldn't be anything worse than myself in the way of a nurse. If it hadn't been for the youngster's mother and Dr. Mainard I guess his chances would have been slim. Dr. Mainard is a wonder. He's perfectly lovely too."

"Why, Miss Grace! And your people in Europe?"

"Professionally, of course," with a sly wink at the horrified Nelson.

"And you are not going to let the doctor know who you are?"

"Not until I have squared myself with Mary. She'll be coming back soon; she's nearly well again."

"Your position is certainly not enviable," commented Nelson, shaking her gray head.

"That's what I'm thinking. Anyway, I'm home, and I'm mighty glad to be here. Now, remember, Nelson, dear, when the doctor is around I'm Miss Leeds."

The change was amazingly beneficial to Mike. Recuperation commenced at once, and in the course of a few days they had him out under the trees.

It was mostly under the trees with Mike where Dr. Mainard and the alias Mary Leeds fell in love each with the other. Mike's presence didn't interfere—love's language was something years ahead of Mike.

"It is wickedly selfish of me, Mary, dear," Mainard said to her one day, "to ask you to marry me and also to ask you to wait a couple of years. But I shouldn't want to take you to the tenement districts to live, and you know I have taken the office for that length of time!"

"Yes," Mary answered dreamily, and with a queer little smile.

"May I hope for you then?"

"Billie," Mary Leeds said softly, "if we are not married in a good deal less than two years we will be at the end of that time."

Mainard looked at her in some surprise. Then, of all things, Mike saw the doctor kiss the nurse!

That night Mainard told Tommie Wheeler of his engagement to Mary Leeds.

"You—you engaged to Mary Leeds?" Tommie roared.

"Sure! Why not?"

"The dickens! Why not? I'm engaged to her myself!"

Things had an ominous cast for awhile. Then the quandary was. Who was the girl to whom Mainard was engaged? Mainard disappeared inside the telephone booth with alacrity and was closeted there for a very long time.

"It makes a fellow feel sort of peculiar, to say the least," he was saying, "to be engaged to a girl whose name he doesn't know!"

"———— ———— ———— ————!"

"Why, the girl, of course, dearest!"

"———— ———— ———— ————!"

"All right, and I'll be out early."

Early as he intended reaching Walbridge's, he was delayed until nearly noon, and then he found Tommie Wheeler and a strange young woman with Grace.

"Miss Leeds, may I present Dr. Mainard?" said the alias Mary Leeds.

Mainard couldn't see for the life of him how Tommie Wheeler had fallen in love with Mary Leeds.

"I should very much like an introduction to yourself," demanded Mainard, with assumed severity.

"Grace Walbridge, sir—soon to be Mainard," bravely replied the abashed masquerader. "Father and mother will be home next week, and what's the use of waiting forever?"

MIKE SAW THE DOCTOR KISS THE NURSE.

There were two weddings in early September. Grace Walbridge's wedding gift to Mary Leeds was a check for $10,000, and even then it seemed to her that she had not quite squared herself on the alias episode since it had given her so much happiness—and her Billie.

Mike liked the country so well that he concluded to remain.

A Curious Swiss Custom.

In one part of the canton of Ticino, Switzerland, a very quaint marriage ceremony prevails. The bridegroom dresses in his "Sunday best" and, accompanied by as many friends and relatives as he can muster for the fete, goes to claim his bride. Finding the door locked, he demands admittance. The inmates ask him his business, and he solicits the hand of his chosen maiden. If his answer is deemed satisfactory he is successively introduced to a number of matrons and maids, some perhaps deformed and others old and ugly. Then he is presented to some large dolls, all of whom he rejects with scorn amid general merriment. The bridegroom, whose temper is sometimes sorely tried, is then informed that his ladylove is absent and is invited to come in and see for himself. He enters and searches from room to room until he finds her in her bridal dress ready to go to church. Then all his anxiety is at an end, and the nuptials are duly celebrated.

The Man Guessed Right.

In a church at Aunegerdam there is a very ancient funeral monument of white marble on which are engraved a pair of slippers of a very singular kind with this inscription, "Eiffen Nyt," which means "exactly," and the story of this singularity is this: A man who was very rich, but who was a bon vivant, took it into his head that he was to live a certain number of years and no longer. Under the impression of this idea he calculated that if he spent so much a year his estate and his life would expire together. It happened that he was not mistaken in either of his calculations; he died precisely at that time which he had presented to himself in fancy and had then brought his fortune to such a predicament that after the paying of his debts he had nothing left but a pair of slippers. His relations buried him in a creditable manner and had the slippers carved on his tomb with the above laconic advice.—Tales and Anecdotes.

A Curious Tea Case.

A correspondent of the British Medical Journal gives an account of the curious symptoms he experienced after drinking tea. He writes: "Whenever I take tea I go through a regular procession of events most distressing and stultifying. Shortly, these are as follows: Within fifteen minutes of walking movement seems to be essential) I feel hot about the scalp and knees. The former feels as if pepper were dusted all over it. Then I presently lose my sight and hearing and if in conversation cannot say more than 'yes' or 'no' because I am so faint and listless; then I lose the power of walking quite straight and choose the wall side of the path. Lastly I break out into a general perspiration, and within forty-five minutes I return to my senses." This correspondent adds that he has consulted many medical men but has never found any means of relief.

When a Peanut Sprouts.

"Few persons are perhaps aware that a thing of beauty is a common peanut plant growing singly in a six or eight inch pot and grown indoors during the colder weather," said a florist. "Kept in a warm room or by the kitchen stove, a peanut kernel planted in a pot of loose mellow loam and only moderately moistened will soon germinate and grow up into a beautiful plant, extending its branches over the pot. The leaves close together like the leaves of a book on the approach of night or when a shower begins to fall upon them. The plant bears tiny yellow flowers. There is nothing else just like it."

Lengthy and Monotonous.

One of the most curious contracts entered into by an operatic artist was that agreed to by Farinelli. When he visited Spain, Philip V. was suffering from mental depression, from which nothing aroused him until the arrival of Farinelli. The queen was so delighted to see her royal spouse once more interested that she engaged Farinelli at a salary of $10,000 to remain in Madrid. This he did, singing the same four songs to the king every night for ten years.

An Old Smallpox Cure.

The following primitive "cure" for smallpox was discovered by the Leystonstone (England) guardians in one of their registers for the year 1700: "Take thirty to forty live toads and burn them to cinders in a new pot, then crush into a fine black powder. Dose for smallpox, three ounces."

He Lumped It.

"My coffee is not quite sweet enough," remarked he.

"Well, if you don't like it I suppose you'll have to lump it," said she, with a smile, passing the loaf sugar his way.

A State Secret.

"I hope your husband has no secrets from you."

"Not many. However, he never would tell me what he paid for the engagement ring."—Kansas City Journal.

Strictly Business.

Mrs. Knicker—Did you hold a short session with your husband? Mrs. Bocker—Yes. I merely had him pass an appropriation bill.—New York Times.

Somewhat Vague.

The Smitten Man (fervently)—Love you, darling? Why, before I met you I thought only of having a good time in life.—Puck.

The virtue of justice consists in moderation as regulated by wisdom.—Aristotle.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheth.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouse, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwinsville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—R. F. Straley, Smethport.
Recorder—J. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. P. Anders, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Corryville.
Coroner—E. E. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
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Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove
Constable—U. H. Foote.
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Collector—M. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge No 99 meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree or second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No 273, meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No 2 meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. HURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGovern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 7 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 4 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dunn, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tilney, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30

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PERSONAL MENTION.

Dr. and Mrs. John Clark left Tuesday for a few weeks at Philadelphia, Atlantic City and other points.

The Misses Clyte and Cora Abbey returned home last evening from a two weeks' sojourn at Chautauqua Lake.

E. A. Studholme spent the latter part of last week at Hilton, N. Y., where he attended the meeting of the New York Fruit Growers' association.

John Engstrom and Miss Bertha Johnson returned to their homes in Jamestown, N. Y., on Monday, after a visit with relatives and friends in this place.

Miss Leng Young, who has spent the past two weeks with Mrs. T. F. Williams, of Butler, went to Jamestown Tuesday to attend the wedding of a cousin.

Paul D. Hamlin left Monday afternoon for New York city, enroute for an extended tour through Australia. He was accompanied to New York by Col. Mellville Gillett.

Andy Mangan, one of the Republican candidates for Sheriff, of Kane was a visitor in town last Saturday. Mr. Mangan is a pleasant gentleman to meet and makes friends rapidly.

Louis Starsky of Buffalo was the guest of his brother, Prothonotary B. F. Starsky, last evening. He returns home to-day, accompanied by his son who has been visiting here for some time.

Mrs. W. C. Frost and daughter, Mable, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, have just returned home after an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Barrett, accompanied by her sister, Miss Minnie Barrett.

R. A. Greer of Bradford, a candidate for county auditor on the Republican ticket, was visiting his cousin, M. B. Greer, yesterday and was a pleasant caller at this office. Mr. Greer is an expert penman and accountant and has many friends who hope for his election.

"HOSS" THIEVES CAUGHT.

Detective Jones Rounds Them Up Near Jamestown, N. Y.

County Detective E. W. Jones captured the two men who took a gray horse from the pasture of Frank Savertine at Lafferty hollow last Wednesday night or Tuesday morning, mention of which was made in The Miner last week, at Ellery Center, near Jamestown, N. Y., last Saturday. The men arrested are Charles Carnahan and R. E. Hutchins. The waived requisition papers and returned to Bradford where they were given a hearing before Alderman Filkins on Monday. They were held for court and in default of the required bail were brought here and lodged in jail.

The Chautauqua men deny the allegation that they are horse thieves and declare that they were but taking their own property when they captured the "gray" and made off to Jamestown. Carnahan says that he sent a team to Bradford several months ago to haul chemical wood. The horses were in charge of a man named Fred Danes. Within a short time of his arrival in Bradford, Danes traded the Carnahan team for a team belonging to Milkman Roggenbaum and received $200 in cash, as "boot." Danes then took the Roggenbaum team to Chautauqua county to look for a sale. He told Carnahan that his horses had been killed by a trolley car and that he (Danes) had bought another team for himself. Carnahan learned a few weeks ago that Danes had deceived him and after consulting a lawyer, he came to Bradford. Carnahan learned that Roggenbaum had sold the horses to Frank Saverline and concluded to take possession of them when Frank was not looking. On Wednesday night he found both horses in the pasture. One of the animals was so wild that he could not capture it and was forced to be content with one horse.

The case has a few interesting law points involved and may prove quite complicated.

FARMERS VALLEY ITEMS.

The Farmers Valley baseball team went to Coleville last Saturday afternoon and were defeated by a picked team of that place. It is said the score was 10 to 6. The previous week the Coleville team came to the Valley and met their first defeat by a score of 14 to 10.

Besides the regular services, prayer meetings are being held at the homes of the different members, by Rev. and Mrs. Parrott.

Miss Ona May Warner returned to her home in Salamanca on Monday after a two weeks' visit with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Caldwell.

Miss Cooper of Ceres is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Otto.

There has been an abundance of grain harvested in this section, and fruit promises to be plentiful.

J. J. Smith of Quaker bridge is home, looking after his farm interests.

RUN DOWN BY ENGINE.

John Purcell, a Former Contractor, Killed at Bradford Monday.

John Purcell, of No. 188 Chestnut street, met a terrible death near the Main street crossing of the Erie railroad last night at about 11:30 o'clock when he was run over by a locomotive drawing a train of coal cars, says Tuesday morning's Bradford Era.

The mangled remains were strewn along the track for some distance and presented a most grewsome sight for those who reached the scene before the parts were gathered up and taken away by Undertaker Still.

It was some time before the identity of the unfortunate man could be established in the dim light of the railroad men's lanterns. When the body reached Still's morgue, it was found to be that of the well known Bradford man.

The train was in charge of Engineer George E. Lovelace, Conductor M. A. Gorman and Fireman A. Schrader, all of this city. The train was being moved across Main street very slowly, northbound. From all appearances the locomotive struck Mr. Purcell at a point about 30 feet north of the sidewalk. Both legs and one arm were there severed and about 50 feet farther along the balance of the body was found between the rails. He was evidently walking along the track and did not realize his danger until the engine was upon him.

Coroner Sherman will make inquiries into the case this morning.

Joan Purcell was formerly a well known contractor in this city. He was a stone mason by trade and about 70 years of age. He is survived by his widow; one daughter, Mrs. Mary Flynn of Amm street, and two sons, Dr. P. J. Purcell of Tulsa, Okla., and John J. Purcell, of the Panama Canal Zone.

The deceased was an amiable, industrious and active old man who had many friends here and elsewhere.

I. O. O. F. PICNIC.

Smethport Lodge No. 389, I. O. O. F., will have a basket picnic at Island Park, Smethport, Pa., on Friday, August 25th, 1911, in celebration of the 20th anniversary of its organization.

There will be good music, prominent speakers of the order and a match game of baseball between the members of the Smethport Lodge and Turn Lodge of Bradford.

All Odd Fellows and their families are cordially invited to be present and make the occasion one of enjoyment, and profit to the order.

Coffee, tea, lemonade and water will be furnished, free of charge on the grounds, by the Committee of arrangements.

W. G. HOLDER,
S. R. LINDSLEY,
SHERIDAN GORTON,
E. W. STRONG,
Committee.

The new catalog of the Lock Haven State Normal School is one of the handsomest issued by any secondary school in this state. It contains a great deal of valuable information concerning this splendid Normal School. We note that its faculty is made up of graduates of our leading colleges and universities and has a specially trained expert at the head of its fine Training School and this means much for prospective teachers. It has a fine Gymnasium and Athletic Field, and the school aims to develop its students not only educationally, but morally and physically. Write for its catalog. It

Excursion to Olean, Riverhurst, and Rock City Parks, Sunday, August 27th, 1911, via Shawmut Lines.

Sunday, August 27th, the P., S. & N. R. R. offer special service and rates to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City Parks from Dagus, Kersey, St. Marys and intermediate points, except stations on the Hazelhurst branch. Train leaves Smethport 10:27 a. m., returning leaves Olean 7:00 p. m. Fare for the round trip to Olean $1.00, Riverhurst, $1.05; and to Rock City $1.30.

St. Marys Silver Cornet Band has been engaged to accompany the excursion and will give a concert at Rock City in the afternoon. For full particulars see small bills, apply to P., S. & N. R. R. agents or address,

JOS. T. ODELL,
Aug.17-2t G. P. A.

Red Russian Seed Wheat for Sale.

Came from Montana. Planted last October. M. E. CHRISMAN,
Aug.17-3t Eldred, Pa.

A 10 Months' Course Qualifies.

The majority of students qualify for positions in ten months, at Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y. It

One of the very best building lots on West Main street will be sold at a very reasonable price. For particulars inquire of or address

H. L. BACKUS,
Smethport, Pa.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending August 12, 1911:

Burrows, Lloyd
Hammond, Miss Regie
McKergin, Mr. Wm.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

A Peace Plan.

"Am I to understand," inquired the insurgent leader, "that you have a philanthropist who is ready to spend money to promote peace?"

"We have," answered the American tourist. "But why?"

"My army can be bought off for $10 per head."—Washington Herald.

Voice From the Clothes Closet.

"How I wish," moaned the half starved moth,
"I had a political pull!
I haven't had a square meal for years
On account of the tariff on wool!"
—Chicago Tribune.

When He Got Them.

Bacon—See all the medals he's wearing.

Egbert—Yes. Do you suppose he shot as many men as that in the war?

"Of course not. He missed that many. The Humane society gave him those medals."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bargain Sales.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When summer clothes are most too cheap
And winter clothes too dear.
—Carolyn Wells in Judge.

No Dispute.

Wife—I can't see why because a woman marries a man she should take his name.

Husband—I quite agree with you. I think that the poor chap ought to have something which he can call his own. —Illustrated Bits.

Pa's Hard Job.

"Johnny," said the visitor at the door, "is your father at home?"

"He's trying to be, sir," said Johnny, "but you know, Mr. Squiggs, ma's mother's here."—Harper's Weekly.

The Real Sorrow.

"Did your operation cost you much pain?"

"Yes, but I didn't mind that so much as the dollars it cost." — Baltimore American.

At the last commencement of the Lock Haven State Normal School a large class graduated and it is interesting to note that the graduates of this high grade Normal school have no difficulty in securing positions as teachers. Several young men were elected to positions as teachers with salaries ranging from eighty to ninety dollars per month. Thirty-two of the graduating class had experience as teachers and they now have iterative positions for next year. Many improvements are being made during the summer so that when the school opens on September 11th, everything will be in first class shape for the large school that is sure to enroll.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County for the transfer to Fred John Block of the retail hotel license granted at No. 21, June Sessions, 1911, to Fred John Block and John Carl Block for the Eckhart House in the Village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, said hotel being situate on the south side of Main street. Said application will be heard by the Court at Chambers, in the Court House, at Smethport, Pa., on the 18th day of August, A. D. 1911, at 9 o'clock a. m. The residence of the said Fred John Block is Hazelhurst, McKean County, Pa., and he is by occupation a hotel keeper.

V. B. BOUTON
Aug.10-2t Atty. for Petitioner.

SECRET ORDERS—TAKE NOTICE

A beautiful emblematic pictorial chart in elaborate oil colors and handsomely framed, of any secret order with place for name and full data. An ideal present for a member and a credit to your home. Hung beside the member and a credit to your home. Hung as a picture on the wall. Sent anywhere. Price only $1.50. Handsomely framed with 3-4-inch frame, $1.75. Handsomely framed with 3-4-inch frame, only $2.25. Cash, or a little down and a little every month. If you have a member of any secret order in your home, surprise and honor him with one of these beautiful pictorial charts. A postal will bring full particulars. Write to-day. Give name of secret order. THE ART SUPPLY CO., WARREN, PA., U.S.A.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to sale on the premises in the Borough of Port Allegany, Pa., on

MONDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1911,

at 2 p. m., the following described pieces of property:

All that piece of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the center of Harrison Street, distant south 60 degrees West, one and one-half rods from the center of Hartley Street and Hemlock Street; thence along the center of Harrison Street South 60 degrees West, fifty-six feet and one inch to an iron pin; Thence South 30 degrees East, nine and seventy-five hundredths perches to an iron pin; Thence North 60 degrees East fifty-six feet and one inch to a point in the center of Hartley Street and the West line of Hemlock Street; Thence along said West line of Hemlock Street North 30 degrees West eight rods to the place of beginning. Being improved and having thereon one frame barn.

Also, All that piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the West line of Hemlock Street, distant South 30 degrees East one rod from the Southeast corner of a lot deeded to E. W. Lampe; Thence along said West line of Hemlock Street South 30 degrees East eight rods to a corner; Thence South sixty degrees West fifty-six feet and one inch to a corner; Thence North 30 degrees West eight rods to the South line of an alley; Thence along same North 60 degrees East fifty-six feet and one inch to the place of beginning. Being improved and having thereon one frame barn. This lot to be sold subject to the purchase money due on a contract for the sale of said lot by A. N. Hillbridge to E. W. Lampe, bearing date May 25th, 1908, the balance due being $61.00 and interest from May 21st, 1908.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. W. Lampe at the suit of C. A. Dolley.

C. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.
WM. H. MORRISON,
Aug.3-3t Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., August 1st, 1911.

Financial Statement

Of Keating Township School District, for the School Year ending July 3, 1911.

F. A. Burdick, Treasurer:

Dr.		
To recd. from Former Treasurer	$ 475 50	
To recd. from A. G. Farley, Collector, 1910 Duplicate	80 00	
To recd. from A. G. Farley, Collector, 1910 Duplicate	6353 34	
To recd. from State Appropriation	3187 50	
To recd. from County Treasurer, unseated lands	1711 55	
To recd. from W. B. Scott	2 00	
To recd. from sale of hay and cement	1 50	12771 72
Cr.		
By paid teachers' Wages	$ 7342 50	
By paid for fuel and repairs	222 85	
By paid for school supplies	373 27	
By paid for text books	24 60	
By paid for sanitary expenses	137 25	
By paid printing and auditors' fees	39 58	
By paid debt and interest	1813 00	
By paid Secretary's salary, postage, etc.	261 76	
By paid freight & material	32 22	
By paid for building & furnishing	157 81	
By paid for fuel and contingencies	375 49	
By paid for conducting county examinations	29 00	
By paid for drawing pupils to school	20 00	
By paid for teachers attending Institute	120 00	
By paid for Pennsylvania School Journal	7 00	
By paid for directors attending Institute	16 00	
By paid for High School tuition	315 70	
By paid for Attorney's fees	25 00	
By paid for Directors attending election of county superintendent	6 00	
By paid for janitors' expenses	12 00	
By paid for water, East Smethport school	12 00	
By commission on $12,-285.40 @ 2 per cent.	245 70	
By amount turned over to C. O. Holwell, Treasurer	240 00	$12771 72

Liabilities of District.

Amount borrowed from Grange Bank	$ 2000 00	$2000 00

Resources.

Amount due from Collector Farley, 1910	$ 190 00	
Amount in Treasurer Holwell's hands	240 00	
Amount Tuition, estimated	240 00	
Amount Liabilities over Resources, to balance	1565 05	$2235 05

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, have examined the accounts of F. A. Burdick, Treasurer of Keating Township School District, and find them as above stated.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
WM. TANNER,
ALLEN OVIATT,
Aug. 10-3t Auditors.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six or article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the County of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and co-ordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of the court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the County of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine, Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

LADIES!

An old established Suit and Cloak House desires to secure Lady Agent to take orders for our Skirts in her own home. Man-tailored—made to any measure. We help you to establish a splendid and pleasant business. No investment necessary. Write us today that you are interested, and for full information. Fashion Bulletin free on request.

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PITTSBURGH, PA.

C. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

Poor oil cannot give good light. There is no flicker, no odor, no soot where

FAMILY FAVORITE OIL

is used. This triple-refined lamp oil costs no more than the inferior kinds—and saves you no end of trouble. Get it from your dealer's—it is therein barrels shipped direct from our refineries.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
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Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

WE CHALLENGE

comparison. Comparing the quality of our liquors and the price we charge with the quality of and price that prevail at other stores. If you will do this you will see plainly that it pays to buy of us.

E. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,

ATLANTIC CITY
Cape May

Wildwood, Ocean City Angelese, Sea Isle City, Holly Beach, Avalon, Stone Harbor, NEW JERSEY

September 1, 1911

ROUND $10.80 TRIP
FROM SMETHPORT

TICKETS GOOD RETURNING WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS

Stop-Over Allowed at Philadelphia

For full information concerning leaving time of trains, consult small hand bills or nearest ticket agent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD